

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

IN THE MONEY GAME OR THE LUCK OF TWO WALL ST. CHUMS

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



At that moment the door opened and big Mike, the janitor of the building, entered the office bearing the unconscious Fred in his arms. Nellie, Bert and the bookkeeper sprang from their desks and rushed forward with ejaculations of consternation.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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IN THE MONEY GAME

OR, THE LUCK OF TWO WALL STREET CHUMS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—In the Money Game.

"Hello! What are you looking so glum about?" asked Fred Bassett of his chum, Bert Rowe, one Saturday noon in Wall Street.

"Nothing much. My boss discovered I had bought 50 shares of D. & P. on margin a week ago, and he politely told me that my valuable services were no longer needed in the office."

"Fired, eh?" grinned Fred.

"Good and proper; but you needn't grin about it. Some day your boss will find out that you are speculating, too, and then you'll get it yourself."

"Shake!" said Fred, holding out his hand.

"What for?"

"Misery loves company."

"What do you mean?"

"I've just been bounced myself."

"No!" exclaimed Bert incredulously.

"Yes," said Fred, with a confirmatory nod.

"What for?"

"Same reason as yourself."

"Speculating?"

"Pre-cisely. Somebody put him on to me, and he lost no time in giving me the razoo."

"Well, I'll be jiggered! What are you going to do?"

"I was going to ask you the same question."

"Look for another job, I suppose."

"Expect to get it without a recommendation?"

"That's what's bothering me."

"Care killed the cat. Cut it out. Look cheerful. Observe my serene countenance. We're both in the same boat—out of a job. What's the odds? We've got \$500 apiece deposited as security on our deal. We bought D. & P. at 75. It closed to-day at 85. Balance in our favor, ten points. That means we've doubled our money. We're practically worth \$1,000 each. I'm going to cash in. I advise you to do the same. The stock will be sold first thing Monday morning, then we'll be flush."

"But I'll feel like a fish out of water without a job."

"I've a proposal to make to you."

"What is it?"

"We'll combine our funds and go into the money game as a regular business. We've done pretty well at it while working for our respected employers. We ought to do better with nothing else to occupy our minds. What do you say?"

"Who'll hold the money?"

"I will. As an expert financier I am the goods."

"Where do I come in?"

"You'll be the junior partner."

"I'm willing, but I don't want to be a silent partner. I want to have some say."

"Of course. You can say all you want."

"Then I'm on."

"Put it there, pard."

The boys ratified their agreement with a handshake, and from that moment they were in the money game, hit or miss.

"Now let's go up to the little bank before business is closed down and order our stock sold," said Fred.

To the little bank on Nassau street they accordingly went. They reached the bank just in time to transact their business before the place closed down for the week.

"What shall we call the firm?" asked Bert when they came out.

"Bassett & Rowe, speculators."

"When I tell my mother I've lost my job she'll go for my scalp."

"There is no need to tell her. We'll both hand in our pay every Saturday just as if we were working. If we are lucky, and make a bunch of money, then we can break the news at home and it will be all right."

They decided to go home and hand their pay over to their mothers. They both lived on the same block on one of the East Side streets, for their widowed mothers were obliged to economize on the rent question in order to make things meet. Fred's mother was a dressmaker, and was doing very well at it, though she had to work cheap, as all her customers were persons in moderate circumstances. Bert's mother added to the income her son turned in by running a small store, her stock in trade consisting of newspapers and periodicals, stationery, candy and a miscellaneous stock of a hundred other things. On Monday morning Fred and Bert met as usual and went down to Wall Street together. On this occasion they took their time, walking instead of going by a Second avenue train, for they had lots of time. Indeed, they had all day before them. It was the first day in two years, barring Sundays and holidays, that they felt themselves to be young gents of leisure.

Fred and Bert reached Wall Street in due course. They felt lonesome when they looked around their stamping grounds and saw several messenger boys out on their early errands. They had often pictured to themselves the delight of

being their own bosses, so far as the control of their own movements were concerned, but now that their time was at their own disposal, and they could do as they pleased, somehow or another the feeling of satisfaction was missing, even though they knew they were each worth \$1,000, or would be when their D. & P. stock had been sold that morning. They stood for a while on the corner of Nassau street, in the shadow of the Sub-Treasury Building, then strolled down Broad street, past the Stock Exchange. Reaching Beaver street, they turned to retrace their steps. A man, rushing around the corner, dashed against them, sending Fred staggering several feet away and upsetting Bert altogether. As the man ran across the street without stopping to apologize, Fred heard the shout of "Stop thief!"

CHAPTER II.—The Pursuit and Capture.

Fred, taking his cue from the shout which was repeated several times, attracting general attention, darted after the man in full chase. The chap had something of a start of him, and was making good speed. The ex-messenger, however, was right in his element when it came to sprinting, and he began to gain on the fugitive. The man skirted the roped-off enclosure which had just been placed in position for the use of the Curb brokers, none of whom had as yet arrived, and flew down Exchange place. He put on a spurt and reached Pearl street, in which he turned, with Fred close behind him.

The chase led Fred into South street, fronting on the East River. By that time all the other pursuers had been outstripped and thrown off the track. The man found it impossible to throw Fred off, no matter how he dodged and twisted about. Finally he ran out on one of the piers.

"I've got you now," thought the boy. "You can't escape unless you jump into the river."

On the north side of the pier lay two schooners, loading; on the south side a triple line of canal boats, those nearest the wharf unloading goods from their center hatchways. He ran out toward the end of the dock, and Fred thought he was going there, though he could not see what good it was going to do him, but when half the distance out he suddenly sprang on board one of the canal boats that was idle, and from that to the next beyond, and then to the third, which lay on the outer line. He could go no further, for the river lapped the side of the boat, and a wide space lay between him and the next dock.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" muttered Fred. "I don't think you will escape me, for I have you cut off from the dock."

The Wall Street boy had also taken to the canal boats, and by the time the fugitive reached the end of his tether in that direction Fred was on the middle boat. He was taking his time now, to recover his breath, and because there was no further need of rush. The man had stopped, because he was blown, too, and he stood watching the boy with a wary eye. He looked around the boat he was on, walked to the stern, and then disappeared around the deckhouse or cabin. By doing this the fellow put the cabin between him and

Fred, just as one might put a table in a room between him and a person trying to catch him.

Fred bit his lips with vexation when he saw how the case stood. He remained at the side of the middle boat and waited to see what the man would do next. Thus five minutes passed away. Fred looked up and down the string of canal boats, but not a man was in sight. Fred was thinking about advancing to the cabin and pounding on it to attract the attention of anybody who might be inside when suddenly the man appeared on top of the deckhouse. He walked to the edge nearest the boy, looked down at him and said, with a grin:

"What are you following me for?"

"Just to get the kinks out of my legs," replied Fred.

"Well, you'd better sheer off. I don't know you, and I don't want you hanging at my heels, understand?"

He stopped grinning and looked a bit ugly.

"Why did you run into and upset me and my friend at the corner of Beaver and Broad streets?"

"Have you been following me on account of that?"

"No. I've been following you because you've stolen something."

"Get out, you're dreaming!"

"Maybe I am, but I dare you to walk back to Broad street with me."

"What will I do that for?"

"To show that you're not afraid to face the music."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"What did you try to keep out of my way for when you saw I was after you? Why didn't you stop and ask me what I was after? Why are you keeping away from me now?" said Fred.

"What do you want with me, anyway?"

"I want you to go back to Broad street."

"I've a great mind to come down and kick you into the river."

"Come and see if you can do it."

At that moment a tug came puffing up and was in the act of passing the stern of the canal boat when the man's attention was attracted to it. In a moment he had formed a resolution.

"I'm coming down," he said to Fred, with a shifty grin.

"You might just as well, for somebody will be along here presently who will help you down," returned the boy.

The man sprang down within a yard of Fred, then turned suddenly, dashed toward the stern and leaped for the tugboat. He had calculated the distance nicely and he landed on all fours in the stern of the boat. Fred rushed to the stern of the middle boat and looked over the few feet of water. The fugitive was picking himself up. He turned to the boy with a malicious grin.

"Did you ever get left?"

Just then the tug stopped, and the action of the tide swung her stern toward the canal boat. Fred saw his chance. He ran back several yards, turned, darted toward the stern again, took a flying leap and landed plumb against the astonished rascal, both going down in a heap on the deck of the tug, Fred on top.

"No, I never did," he said, in reply to the man's jeering remark. "At any rate, not this time."

CHAPTER III.—Fred Gets a Small Reward.

Naturally a struggle took place between the two, but Fred was as strong as a small ox and as active as a monkey, and managed to hold his advantage. Then two deck-hands, who had seen the whole of the affair, from the time the man made his leap, came up and demanded to know what had brought them aboard in that unceremonious way.

"This rascal led the way to escape me, and I followed to block him," said Fred.

"Let him up, young fellow, and tell us what you want with him."

Fred allowed the fugitive to arise, but at once seized him by his coat-sleeve.

"He's wanted somewhere in the financial district for theft," said Fred.

"That's a lie!" roared the man hotly.

"If it is I'll apologize and make it all right with you, but when a chap is running away from one or more people shouting 'Stop thief!' it looks suspicious."

At this point the captain of the tug took a hand in the proceedings. The case was explained to him.

"Well, you two will have to go ashore at the dock. You'll have to settle the matter with you. It's none of my business, and I don't want you aboard."

"All right, captain," said Fred. "Pull up to the dock and land us."

The tug was worked in against the spiles. Fred clambered up, but the man held back.

"Get ashore!" bellowed the captain.

As the man made no move to obey, the captain ordered his men to pitch him on the pier. He was fired up, bodily, which gave Fred a fine chance to fasten on him. While the fellow lay floundering on the boards, Fred straddled his back, drew his arms together and tied them with his handkerchief.

"Now get up. If you were not guilty of some criminal act you wouldn't have run away and given me all this trouble. Now you'll go to a police station under suspicion," said Fred.

The man got up, but refused to budge from the spot. A couple of longshoremen came over to see what the trouble was about. Fred put his difficulty up to them. They didn't want to interfere, but said they would go as far as the street and look for the policeman on that post. Half-way up the dock they met the day watchman, told him what they had learned from Fred, and he came down to investigate. He heard Fred's side of the question and the man's general denial.

"If you haven't done anything wrong, why don't you go with the boy?" said the watchman.

"Why should I? It will be out of my way to go where he wants me to. The whole thing is an outrage, and I demand that you release my arms. I'm not going through the streets this way."

"Come up to the head of the dock and I'll see what can be done for you."

The watchman went to the little house at the entrance to the pier and telephoned the nearest station-house for a policeman. In due time one arrived and the watchman told him about the case and then sent him down to the other end of the pier to interview the parties himself. The alleged thief saw the officer coming and, turning to Fred, said:

"Look here, young fellow, what'll you take to call this thing off?"

"I'm not taking bribes," replied Fred. "If you're not guilty of anything wrong you needn't be afraid of facing the music. You could have settled the matter an hour ago as well as now—in fact much better, for by offering the resistance you have you have made me certain of your guilt."

Finding he could do nothing with the boy, he relapsed into sullen silence. In a few minutes the policeman came up to them. Fred told his story to the officer.

"What have you to say?" the policeman asked the man.

"Nothing, except it's all a mistake on this boy's part."

"I'm ready to go to the station-house, officer, and back up my charge against this man. If he can prove he is innocent I am willing to stand the consequences," said Fred.

The officer thought that was fair enough, so he told the prisoner he'd have to go along, whether he liked it or not. He released the fellow's arms and the three marched to the station. It happened that the desk sergeants of all the downtown station-houses had received word that a man, whose description was given, had stolen a package of bills, amounting to \$5,000, from an office on New street, an hour and a half before, and detectives were out looking for the guilty party. When Fred told his story the sergeant questioned the man pretty closely. Feeling satisfied he was the party wanted, he ordered the chap to be locked up, and telephoned the arrest of a suspect to the office that had been robbed, asking that somebody be sent to the station-house to identify the man. Fred left his address and then went up to the little bank, where he found Bert watching the blackboard and waiting for him to turn up.

"Where have you been all this time?" Bert asked.

Fred told him all that happened.

"So you cornered the man and got him taken to the station-house and locked up?"

"Yes."

"Did the police find anything on him when they searched him?"

"I couldn't tell you. He was searched in another room."

"Well, let's go to lunch."

They started for their favorite quick-lunch house together.

"I see D. & P. is up at 86 3-8."

"Yes. It has held its own and advanced nearly a point and a half since the Exchange opened. If we'd held on we'd have made \$75 more."

"I think it's bad policy to hold out for the last dollar, as so many of the lambs do. We've doubled our money, and we ought to feel satisfied."

"I'm not kicking," said Bert.

The boys returned to the little bank and spent the afternoon there. The evening papers had the story of the theft, and the arrest of the man on whose person the package of money had been found. Fred's name was printed, and he received the credit for the capture of the man. Next morning a letter was left for him at his home. It was from the firm that had been robbed, thanking him for his services in the matter and inclosing him a check to his order for \$100.

"That's pretty good pay for a couple of hours' time," he thought. "I wouldn't mind gathering that much in every day. I'd soon be well off."

He endorsed the check and presented it to his mother, after telling her how he had come by it. When Fred met Bert a little later he told him about the check.

"You're lucky," said his chum. "It would have taken you three months to earn that much if you had remained old Butler's messenger."

"I guess it would. That is where the loss of my job has put me ahead."

"I wish some one would throw \$100 in my way."

"I gave the money to my mother."

"What, the whole of it?"

"Yes. She needs it in her business."

By that time the boys had reached the little bank and they went in and got front seats, as only a small portion of the regular habitués had as yet arrived.

CHAPTER IV.—The Beginning of Their Luck.

After the Exchange opened and the quotations began coming in there was a noticeable sagging in D. & P.

"You see," said Fred, "we didn't get out any too quickly. We might have made \$100 more each, but it would have been taking extra chances. The stock is dropping now, and there is a rush to sell out which will knock it down still further. We are out of it and don't have to worry about where the price goes."

"This is kind of slow. I'm going out to shake a leg," said Bert.

"Go on. I'll meet you at lunch at twelve-thirty."

So Bert left his chum in the little bank and started down Broad street. He went in at the messengers' entrance of the Exchange because he was accustomed to go in that way a dozen times a day, and he felt at home there. He met two or three chaps he knew well, and they supposed he was still working for Broker Crane. He did not tell them that he was a lad of leisure. Coming out on the street again, he walked over to the Curb Exchange and hung around there a while. He was interested for a while and then he got tired and wondered where he would go next. He saw a friend of his enter one of the office buildings and he chased after him to exchange a few words, but he lost the boy in the crowd going in and out. He jumped into an elevator from force of habit and went up with it. When it stopped at the fourth floor to let a couple of men out he got out, too, and made a bluff that he was on an errand. He went into the office of Jackson & Small, and asked for Jackson. He knew the broker wasn't in, for he had seen him over at the

Exchange. One of the clerks told him the senior partner was out.

"You can leave your message with me," he said.

"Got to see Mr. Jackson personally," said Bert, as the only way he could get out of it.

"Sit down and wait, then. He is liable to be in any moment."

Bert sat down long enough for the clerk to retire to the counting-room and then started for the door. As he stepped out into the corridor the door of the firm's private room opened and Small let out an important customer of the firm.

"Lose no time in getting onto the job, Small," said the visitor. "Take in every share of L. & O. until you get orders to stop, and have them delivered C. O. D. at the Taylor Bank."

"We'll attend to your orders at once," said Small, wishing the caller good-by and shutting the door as the gentleman walked away.

Bert was satisfied he had got hold of a tip, and as it was close to half-past twelve he made a bee-line for the quick-lunch house he and his chum patronized. Every seat was taken and a bunch of people were standing. He looked around to see if Fred was waiting for him, but couldn't make him out, so he took up his position near the door to wait himself. Five minutes later Fred appeared and Bert caught him by the arm.

"Where have you been?" asked Fred.

"Several places—the Hancock Building last."

"What took you in there?"

"Luck, I guess."

"Luck!"

"Yes. I picked up a good tip there."

"What was it?"

"I'll tell you when we get outside."

Ten minutes afterward they were on the street and Bert was informing his chum about the pointer on L. & O.

"Looks like a good thing, Fred. I'm in favor of getting in on it for our first deal," said Bert.

"I agree with you. As soon as we collect what is coming to us I'll buy 200 L. & O. We ought to double our capital," said Fred.

"That will be great. As good as two years and a half wages as messengers for each of us. I guess we made no mistake in getting into the money game."

"We can tell better by our general average of results than by a single fortunate deal."

When they went home that afternoon they were in on L. & O., which they had bought at 60. They were proceeding up Nassau street when three telegraph messenger boys, rushing in a boisterous way out of the American Tract Society Building, pushed Bert into the gutter. He went down in a sitting posture, while the boys gave him the laugh and ran off down the street, punching at each other. As Bert, who was a bit mad over the incident, started to get up he saw something sparkling against the curbstone. He picked it up and looked at it curiously.

"What have you got there?" asked Fred.

"I should say it's a watch-charm, covered with real or imitation diamonds," replied his chum.

"They seem to be real ones to me," said Fred, examining it. "I should say that you've found a prize package. If I were you I would watch the Lost and Found columns of the newspapers."

"That's what I intend to do," said Bert, as they started up Nassau street again.

On the following morning the charm was advertised for and \$100 reward was offered for its return by a tenant of the American Tract Society Building. The boys called there on their way downtown, but the gentleman, whose name was Brown, had not yet reached his office, so they waited. He came in inside of half an hour, and Bert was shown into his private room.

"My name is Bert Rowe. I came in reply to your advertisement. I found the locket which you lost. As you practically describe it in your advertisement, there is nothing for me to do but hand it over to you. Here it is," and Bert laid it on his desk.

"I am much obliged to you for bringing it back. I will write you a check for the amount of the reward," said Mr. Brown.

This he did at once, and Bert departed \$100 richer. They walked down Nassau street and went into the little bank. Nothing happened of any importance that day and they went home at four. On Friday L. & O. went up half a point, and another half a point on the following day. During the following week the stock gradually advanced to 70. On Monday the stock advanced three points more and on Tuesday it jumped five. Its phenomenal rise made it the feature of the Exchange and there was great excitement over it. On Wednesday, when it was up to about 81, Bert was standing near the Exchange and overheard a bunch of traders talking about it. They said that a lot of people were going to burn their fingers with it.

"I expect to see the stock go to smash any minute now," said one of them. "I am surprised it has held up so long. I doubt if the insiders are holding on for a higher figure. The interests back of it have probably already sold out and the moment a raid is made on the stock it will be good-night."

Bert hurried back to the little bank where he had left Fred and told him what he had heard about L. & O.

"I think we had better sell, don't you?" he said.

"I sold out ten minutes ago," replied Fred.

"Good! We're safe, then?"

"Yes, I guess we are by this time. We'll clear \$4,000. That's a whole lot better than working for Butler and Crane."

"But your life it is," said Bert in a jubilant tone.

CHAPTER V.—The Midnight Burglars.

L. & O. didn't go to pieces so soon as the knowing ones expected it would. On the contrary, it went up to 83 that day, and the Exchange went howling mad over it.

"If we'd have held on we'd have made \$400 more," said Bert, as he and Fred noted the closing quotation that day.

"That's true enough, but I think we took pretty desperate chances holding on as long as we did. It isn't often a stock, and particularly such a stock as L. & O., goes up 23 points. It must have tremendous backing. It's had the Exchange by

the ears for more than a week, and the outside speculators have gone dopy over it. It might drop without a crash. Just slow enough to keep up the interest in it and the market from being disturbed," said Fred.

"We ought to get our money now."

"It's ready for us, I guess. I'm going to take a certificate of deposit instead of the cash. It's much safer to carry around. By and by we can rent a safe-deposit box and put our money in it. No need of rush about that. Luck might go against us and we wouldn't have enough cash left to put in the box."

Fred went to the window and asked for his statement, for the chums did business in his name, and he got it.

"It's all right," he said, looking it over. "Give me a certificate of deposit for the amount."

He got it and they went home. That evening the two chums treated themselves to the theater. They took in a show at one of the uptown Broadway houses. After the performance they went to a restaurant and had a light supper, after which they started for home. They were in the middle of a block between Sixth and Fifth avenues when a third-story window was suddenly thrown up and the startling cry of "Help—murder!" echoed on the silent night air. They came to a stop in front of the house.

"What's the trouble?" Fred shouted back.

"Thieves in the house. Run for the police!" cried the excited woman, who appeared to be a servant.

Hardly were the words out of her mouth before she was suddenly pulled back out of sight and the window was slammed down to the accompaniment of a muffled shriek.

"What shall we do?" asked Bert. "Where will we find a cop?"

"I wonder how the rascals got in?" said Fred. "Run up and try the front door. I'll try the area gate."

The area windows were protected by iron bars which showed no signs of having been tampered with. The lock of the gate opening on the space under the stoop had been picked and stood slightly ajar. That was evidence that burglars had entered the house. Fred pushed the gate open and tried the door. It yielded to his touch for the key had been reached and the bolt withdrawn by means of the customary method of boring circular holes near the lock and then sawing out a round hole large enough to enable the operator to insert his arm so that he could reach the key and bolt. Fred stepped out in the area and called to his chum.

"The front door is locked," said Bert.

"Come down here," said Fred.

Bert hastened to join him.

"Here is where they entered. I am assuming there was more than one in the job," said Bert. "I am going into the house. You must come with me."

Judging that the basement hall would take them to the kitchen, they followed it back, and a door admitted them to the cooking quarters. Fred lighted the gas and they soon found a rolling-pin and a potato-masher, either of which was a formidable weapon at close quarters when wielded

by a determined arm. They then took their way up the basement stairs to the parlor floor, walking as softly as they could. They heard the voice of a man on the floor above telling his companion to shoulder his bag and come on.

"They're coming down," said Bert.

The men were now coming down the stairs and the two chums lay in wait for them. Each of the fellows had a fat bag of plunder with him. They reached the foot of the stairs and started for the basement flight when the boys rose suddenly, like ghostly figures in the gloom, and—whack! The rascals dropped, both badly stunned. Seeing that not a move came from them, Fred was satisfied they had been knocked out for the time being. He lit a match and examined their faces. The countenances of both were smoothly shaven and hard. Fred felt in their hip pockets and found a revolver in each. He took possession of one and handed the other to Bert. Then he lit the hall gas-jet.

"You keep watch on them, Bert, while I look around and see if there's a telephone in the house," he said.

He opened the nearest door and found himself looking into a well-furnished parlor. There were a couple of bookcases in the back room, and a closed desk beside a window. Between one of the bookcases and the desk was a wall telephone. Fred lighted a gas-jet, took up the telephone directory and looked for the call number of Police Headquarters. As soon as he found it he got into communication with Central and was presently talking with the desk sergeant at Headquarters, then at 300 Mulberry street. He stated the case.

"Give me the street number and I'll have the nearest police station attend to the matter," said the officer.

"The street is"—and Fred gave it—"but I don't know the number. Hold the wire for a minute and I'll find out."

He ran back to the hall, unlocked and unbolted the door and stepping into the vestibule, lit a match and looked to see if the number was over the door on the glass. He found that it was and rushed back to send it to Headquarters. The officer took it down.

"Now give me your name and that of your companion, with your addresses."

Fred did so.

"I'll have policemen sent to the house at once. Ring off."

Fred hung up the receiver and returned to his chum.

"They're still dead to the world, I see," he said. "They look as though they are likely to remain so for a while. I'll run upstairs and hunt for the woman who gave the alarm."

He hustled up to the third floor and opened the door of one of the front rooms, a bedroom. As it was dark he flashed a match and entered. Bound and gagged on the bed lay a woman in her night-gown. Fred lighted the gas and released her.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! The house has been robbed!" she said in a greatly agitated way. "What will Mr. Davis say when he and the family return?"

"Mr. Davis lives here, eh?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. He and Mrs. Davis and their

two daughters went to attend a wedding on Staten Island, and they will not return until tomorrow."

"Well, don't worry. The burglars didn't get away. They and two bags of plunder are downstairs in the hall," said Fred, who then told the servant all that had happened.

Leaving her to dress herself, Fred returned to the hall below.

"I guess I'd better open the outside door and watch for the policemen," he said to Bert.

This he did and presently up the street came three officers in a patrol wagon. Fred called to them and they stopped at the house. The three officers were soon in the house looking at the senseless rascals and listening to the facts as detailed by the boy. The servant came downstairs and told her story. The policemen looked the house over and then nailed up the basement door for the night. They loaded the crooks and the two bags of plunder into the wagon and drove away, after telling the two boys they would be summoned as witnesses against the men. After they had departed the chums bade the servant good-night and resumed their way home, arriving about two o'clock, and reaching their beds without arousing their mother.

CHAPTER VI.—The Short Sale That Panned Out Big.

In the morning Fred and Bert told their mothers about their adventure of the preceding night and then started for Wall Street. The morning papers had a brief mention of the attempted robbery as reported by Fred to Headquarters. The names of the two boys were mentioned. That morning L. & O. looked so shaky that Fred, after a consultation with Bert, sold 500 shares of the stock short. That is, he sold the stock at the market price, though they didn't have a share of it, in the expectation that the price would slump that day or the next, and thus give them the chance to buy 500 shares in at a much lower price to deliver to the party who had bought the stock of them. In this way they hoped to make some more money out of L. & O. The bank's representation at the Exchange made the sale to some broker at 80, presumably for a customer.

The price rose to 81 and then, all of a sudden, the stock went to pieces, dropping rapidly to 70, where it recovered to 73. The boys sat in the little bank and watched the quotations as they came out on the blackboard. The stock finally closed at 72 3-8. When they got home they found that a policeman had called at their homes and left a summons for them to attend the Tombs Police Court next morning. They went to the little bank first and were there when the Exchange opened. The previous day's slump was continued, L. & O. dropping to 64 5-8, at which price Fred ordered 500 shares bought to cover their short sale. Then they started for the court in great elation, for they figured they would make \$7,500 out of the fall of the stock.

When they reached the court they announced their presence to the clerk, and were told to take seats until the case was called. The servant was

there and she pointed the boys out to Mr. Davis. That gentleman immediately introduced himself to them, and thanked them for the service they had rendered him in saving his property and capturing the thieves.

"You're welcome, sir," said Fred. "When your servant shouted for help and told us there were thieves in the house the uncertainty of finding a policeman induced us to enter your house, when we discovered that the area door was open, and make an effort to block the rascals' escape. It took a little nerve and some judgment, for we believed the men were armed, and this proved to be the case."

"Well, the rascals would have got away with several thousand dollars' worth of valuable property, including all of the personal jewelry of my wife and daughter. You have, therefore, placed me under great obligations to you, and I assure you I won't let it pass unrecognized. Where are you employed?"

"We are not employed at present. We have been brokers' messengers until about a month ago when we each had a misunderstanding with our employer and quit."

"Then you have been working in Wall Street."

"Yes, sir; for about two years. I was in George Butler's office, and my friend was in Thomas Crane's."

"You have found some difficulty in getting employment, have you?"

"We haven't looked for another position, either of us. We have done a whole lot better speculating on our own hook."

"Well, I won't criticize your methods, whether I approve of them or not. I am a Wall Street broker. Here is my card. I shall be glad to see both of you at my office, and if I can be of any service to you you can depend on me to help you," said the gentleman.

At that moment the two burglars were brought before the bar to plead. They were represented by a cheap lawyer, who proceeded to browbeat the servant when she went on the stand. She swore the prisoners were the two men who had entered her room, dragged her away from the window and gagged and bound her. The lawyer tried his best to make her admit that she was not sure that the accused were the men in question, but did not succeed. Then Fred took the witness chair and told his story.

"What induced you to enter the house?" asked the lawyer.

"The woman's cry for help, and her statement that there were thieves in the place," replied the Wall Street boy.

"Why didn't you go for the police?"

"You needn't answer that question," said the magistrate.

"Your Honor—" protested the lawyer.

"Confine yourself to your case," retorted the judge.

The lawyer endeavored to shake Fred's identification of the prisoners, but without avail. Bert swore to the men's identity, and that he had seen them bringing the bags of plunder downstairs. The three officers who carried the rascals away in the patrol-wagon identified them positively. The contents of the bags were displayed and Mr. Davis, his wife and daughters testified that it was

their property. The result was the two men were remanded back to the Tombs to await the action of the Grand Jury. Mr. Davis introduced the boys to his wife and daughters, and then went with them to Wall Street. Two days afterward the broker sent each of the boys a handsome and valuable present as an evidence of his appreciation for their services. Mrs. Davis and the two girls also sent additional presents to express their gratitude to the two chums for saving their diamonds and other property. So the boys congratulated themselves on the results of their night adventure, but for all that they were not through with the affair.

CHAPTER VII.—The Tip That Fred Found.

A couple of weeks passed and the boys did nothing more strenuous than watch the blackboard in the reception-room of the little bank, or stroll around the Wall Street district to stretch their legs. Then Fred noticed that M. & N. was going up slowly but steadily.

"I think it wouldn't be a bad idea to buy say 600 shares of it," he said to Bert. "Even if we sold on a point and a half or two-point advance we'd make something, and everything counts. A profit of \$1 a share would be \$600. That doesn't look as big to us now as it did when we were working for Butler and Crane, but it's a lot of money, just the same, to make in a few days."

"Whatever you say suits me," said Bert.

"All right. Come over to the window. Hereafter I'm going to make all deals in both our names so you can act in case I'm not around. We are equal partners, and you have as much right to close a deal as I have, if, in your judgment, you think it best to do so."

Bert understood, and the two chums went to the window together.

"This is my speculative partner," said Fred to the clerk. "We are going to make our deals jointly hereafter, because each of us are equally interested in it from a financial point of view. I want it understood that either of us has the right to close out the deals either of us make. Now, we are going to buy 600 shares of M. & N. at the market. If Rowe should order it sold I want you to sell it."

"That's all right. You will both sign the buying order, and I will make a note to the effect that whichever one of you presents the memorandum and signs the selling order will be recognized," said the clerk.

That was satisfactory and the deal was made—600 M. & N., at 85. The deposit was \$6,000, which Fred paid over. Two days later, while seated by himself in the little bank, Bert saw M. & N. drop an eighth. It was then going at 87 3-8. He went to the window and ordered the stock sold, which gave the firm a profit of \$1,200. Fred, at the time, was talking to Broker Davis in his office. He was telling him that they had gone in on 600 M. & N., and that the price had since then gone up two points and a half.

"I think you'd better sell," said the broker. "It's gone up seven points in the last ten days, and the market looks to me as if it was on the turn."

He picked up the tape of his private ticker and looked at it.

"M. & N. is dropping," he said. "In the last three transactions it has fallen off three-eighths. You'd better sell it at once."

"My partner has the memorandum and I guess he knows enough to get out from under when he sees things toppling," said Fred.

However, he deemed it wise to run up to the little bank to see if Bert has sold the stock. When he got M. & N. had lost a point.

"How about the deal?" he asked his chum.

"Sold out when I saw it was starting down," replied Bert.

"Good! The country is safe. I guess we'll make all of \$1,000."

"We are getting on pretty well, I think," said Bert. "We are our own boss, and making money in bunches. We started into the money game a month ago with \$1,000 apiece capital and now, if we decided to call our partnership off, we could cut a \$14,000 melon. That's going some, I think."

"The showing is quite satisfactory to me," replied Fred. "As for calling our partnership off, we can hardly do that except by mutual consent, for our agreement calls for one year, subject to renewal if both parties are agreeable."

"Oh, I don't want to call it off, don't you worry. There's too much money in it. Our bosses did us a great favor when they bounced us. We ought to call on them and express our thanks," said Bert.

"You can call upon Crane, if you want, but Butler won't see me in a hurry."

That was where Fred was wrong, for an hour later he ran into his late employer on Broad street.

"Hello, Bassett! Who are you working for now?" asked the broker, in a comparatively friendly way.

"For the firm of Bassett & Rowe, speculators," replied Fred.

"Bassett & Rowe, speculators!" ejaculated Butler. "Speculators in what?"

"They're in the money game."

Butler looked puzzled.

"I don't quite understand. Is the senior partner a relative of yours?"

"The senior partner is myself."

"Oh, I begin to see what you are driving at. You're not working for anybody. You are continuing your foolish course of action for which I let you go."

"I am much obliged to you for doing that. I am making more money in five minutes now than I collected in wages for a year at your office."

"I'm happy to hear it," said Butler, with a whimsical smile. "Do you intend to stick at this thing until you are broke?"

"I hope there is no danger of the firm of Bassett & Rowe going broke, sir."

"Speculators in futures are always in danger of coming to grief. I regret you are employing your time to such poor advantage."

"I am much obliged to you for your advice, Mr. Butler, but I'm spoiled now for working for anybody else unless things should turn out badly, in which case I shall take my medicine and look for a job."

"You are the doctor, young man. I wish you

well, but I have had thirty years' experience in the game, and I have found that the best way to get on is to let the other fellow do the guessing. Good-by," and the broker walked off.

"He's right," thought Fred. "The man who does the guessing generally guesses wrong, but when one is playing in luck I believe in following it till it changes, but not after it changes. The fellow who goes bankrupt is the chap who tries to buck against luck when it's on the ebb. The moment things change with Bassett & Rowe I shall propose to quit, or at least haul off for a while."

Walking across Broad street toward the Curb Exchange, Fred saw an envelope in his path. It looked clean, as if some one had just dropped it, and the boy picked it up. It was sealed, but bore no name or address, only the initials J. D. Fred took a lead pencil from his pocket, ran it under the flap and soon had the envelope open. He took out the enclosure and read the following:

"J. D.—You have asked for my advice. That is something I am not in the habit of giving out. I have all I can do to advise myself and do it satisfactorily. However, I owe you a good turn, or a favor, or whatever you chose to call it, so I will so far unbend as to suggest, you understand, that if you should get in on U. P. at once you can't go far wrong. It's ruling around 165 at present. Unless my foresight fails me those who have it a week from to-day will be able to get 175 for it. And it may go higher. At any rate, you'll make no mistake in buying it to the extent of your cash balance, and holding it for a ten-point rise, which will result in you doubling your money. Yours very sincerely, T. J."

"If T. J. doesn't stand for Thomas Jardine, I'm a lobster of the boiled type, for I've seen those pot-hooks before in the course of business. The letter reads like the operator—cautious but convincing. Fred, old boy, you've struck a gilt-edged tip that ought to put Bassett & Rowe on the sunny side of Easy Street. U. P. is Jardine's particular persimmon. If he says it is likely to rise ten points, you can bet your last dollar that he knows it is going to rise. If I knew who J. D. is, and where to locate him, I'd take him this letter, for it's a shame he should miss such an elegant pointer. I'd take the letter and leave it at Mr. Jardine's office, but that would show the finder had opened it, and U. P. might go down instead of up in consequence. I'm afraid J. D. will have to go without his tip unless he meets his friend Jardine, or the messenger confesses that he lost the letter," said Fred.

Fred put the letter in his pocket and later on he sealed it up again. When he met Bert he told him about the tip and showed him the letter.

"I know it's from Jardine, for I'm familiar with his writing. This is where we'll make a ten-strike and double our capital. We can afford to take a plunge on the strength of that tip, for it's as good as gold," said Fred.

So the firm of Bassett & Rowe plunged on U. P. at 165, on margin, to the extent of 1,400 shares, and the little bank's margin clerk gasped at their order, which was the biggest the bank had received for a week, most of its transactions being

small. To swing the order the bank would have to advance something over \$200,000, and as the bank had no such money at its disposal it was obliged to hypothecate the stock at about seventy per cent. of its market value. The boys knew that they would have to pay interest on over \$200,000 for as many days as the deal ran, and the bank would deduct it from either their deposit or their profits, as the case might be. Naturally, when you make use of other people's money you have to pay for it.

The chum firm didn't worry over that. They didn't expect the deal to run much over a week and they looked to make such a good thing out of it that the interest charge would cut a small figure. On the day after they made their deal the stock went up a point.

"Now we're on our way," said Bert gleefully.

But they were mistaken, for before the Exchange closed the price dropped back to 159 5-8. However, to make a long story short, U. P. finally got a gait on and began going upward in earnest, a little at a time. On the eighth day it registered at 175.

"Shall we take a little more chance on it?" said Fred.

"I think we may, for it's a gilt-edged security," replied Bert.

So they waited another day and the price advanced to 176 5-8. Then Fred would take no further risk and ordered the stock sold. When the little bank settled with the boys they found they had made a profit of \$15,700, and that raised their capital to \$30,000, with a trifling \$400 over. Such is luck!

CHAPTER VIII.—The Chums Open An Office in Wall Street.

"Bert," said Fred one morning, "let's rent an office. We can afford the luxury, and it will add style to the firm. What do you say?"

"An office costs money down here, and we really have no use for one," replied his chum.

"Then we'll make use for one. We'll make a bluff at the brokerage business. Bassett & Rowe, stocks and bonds, will look pretty nifty on the frosted glass. Then we'll put a standing advertisement in one or two of the papers which will inform the public that we buy and sell stocks and bonds on a commission basis, and that we will be happy to supply prospective customers with reliable information about the market free, gratis and for nothing. How does that strike you?"

"It would strike me all right if I thought there was anything in it."

"There will be something in it after we hook a few customers."

"Oh, I guess the plan is all right. You can count me in on it. Where can we get an office?"

"I've got a place picked out already in the Dunkle Building, sixth floor. Come around and look at it. Besides, Nellie Travers asked me if I could not get her a place as stenographer. I told her we were thinking of renting an office, and she said if we would give her room enough to let her do work as a public stenographer she would do our work for nothing. It is only one room, but that's good enough for a beginning."

"I should think so."

They went around to the building and Fred got the janitor, an Irish giant in uniform named Mike, to show them the vacant room. Bert liked it, so they called on the superintendent and took a lease of it until the following May, Fred giving Broker Davis as their reference, and paying down the first month's rent. Fred then called on Nellie Travers and told her they had taken the office he had spoken to her about.

"That suits me," she said. "I'll move in when you are ready for me."

It took only a couple of days for the chums to furnish the place up with a rug, a safe, two desks, a table for Miss Travers, and half a dozen chairs. They hung half a dozen appropriate pictures on the walls and then the place was ready for business. Nellie Travers brought her typewriter and went to call on the gentlemen in the building who had promised her work if she came there. A painter put "Bassett & Rowe, Stocks and Bonds," on the door, in good-sized lettering, and down in one corner, in small letters, "Miss Travers, Public Stenographer."

Fred put an advertisement in three papers, and the boys felt like real brokers. Of course, the other tenants of the offices on the corridor noticed that the room had been rented to a firm in the brokerage line, and their curiosity was excited as to who they were, for nobody knew them. The clerks who worked in the offices were as curious as their employers, at least some of them were. Broker Fosdick, whose suit of offices was facing the office of the new tenants, felt it was his duty to make the acquaintance of the new brokers and learn whence they had come, so as to be able to spread the news. He was a "nosey" man, who let nothing escape him, particularly a customer, if he could help it. He was not popular with his office force on account of his prying nature.

When not engaged with a visitor, he kept the door of his private room open so he could keep tab on his clerks. He was not a member of the Stock Exchange, but he had a business arrangement with a broker who was to handle such business as he couldn't execute himself. On the first Monday after the chums started their new venture, Broker Fosdick walked in on them. He was surprised to see two boys seated at the only desks in the room.

"Is Mr. Bassett in?" asked Fosdick.

"Yes, sir. That's my name," said Fred.

"Are you one of the brokers whose name is on the door?"

"I am."

"Why, you're only a boy!" he sniffed.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you come from?"

"I haven't the remotest idea, sir. I was born in this city."

"Then you belong to New York?"

"No, sir. I don't belong to anybody unless it's my mother."

"What kind of an answer do you call that?" snorted the money broker.

"What other kind of answer do you expect?"

"Did you get your experience in Wall Street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who did you work for?"

"Mr. George Butler, of No. — Wall street."

"You were one of his clerks, I suppose?"

"I was his messenger."

"What's that? His messenger!"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you mean to say you've jumped from a messenger to a broker?"

"I guess that's about it."

"What do you know about the brokerage business?"

"Is this a civil service examination?"

"You are impudent, young man."

"And you are mighty curious about what does not concern you. May I ask who you are?"

"I am the tenant of the offices opposite. My name is Fosdick."

"Oh, you're a broker?"

"I am, and I'd like to know how it is you have the assurance to set yourself up as a broker."

"Did anybody ask you that question when you started in?"

"Certainly not. I wasn't a boy."

"But you were a boy once," persisted Fred.

"What has that fact got to do with the matter we are discussing?"

"I thought maybe you'd remember how you felt when a boy and that you'd give me the benefit of it."

The broker glared at him.

"Are you trying to make a fool of me?" he snarled.

"No, sir. I couldn't improve on your own efforts."

"What's that?"

"Really, Mr. Fosdick, I would be glad if you would explain why you wanted to see me. If you will state your errand, I will listen to you."

"Bah!" ejaculated Fosdick, rising. "I must find out whether this building is going to be turned into a kindergarten for suckling brokers."

"It might be put to a worse use."

With a snort, the broker marched to the door.

"Bah!" he said, and then he walked out.

The chums looked at one another and laughed. No doubt Miss Travers would have laughed, too, had she been at her typewriter, but she was out taking dictation.

"I wonder what he wanted, anyway?" said Bert.

"I imagine he came in just out of curiosity to get a line on the new firm," replied Fred. "I didn't like his questions, that's why I handed it to him the way I did. It is really nobody's business who we are, or why we are in the brokerage business. Nobody is going to help us unless it might be Mr. Davis, if we got into difficulties, financial or otherwise. Visitors are welcome, but I shall treat them as they deserve. Nosey people will get it straight from the shoulder from me every time."

Here the door was opened and the postman walked in with a letter.

CHAPTER IX.—The Chums Get Their First Customer.

"For the firm," said Fred, as he proceeded to open it after the departure of the letter carrier.

"Who from?" asked Bert.

"Give me time to find out. Oh, it's from some man out on Long Island. He has seen our advertisement and wants information about the Minerva Gold and Silver Mining Company, of Tonopah, Nevada. Says he has 1,000 shares which he bought over a year ago from a man in the Flatiron Building who was advertising the stock for sale as the finest investment on earth. He says he hasn't heard anything more about the mine, though he's written several times to the company. Looks as if he was stung with one of those wildcats that promoters work off on the credulous public once in a while."

"You'll answer it?"

"Of course. That's our duty."

"What will you say to him?"

"I must make inquiries about the mine, and whatever I learn I'll post him about. The chances are it won't be in his favor. That reminds me we must subscribe to a couple of good Western mining journals, so we can get next to what is going on in the mining properties out West."

"Good idea."

Fred put on his hat and went out. In a little while Nellie Travers came in and went to work on her machine. Bert continued to read one of the Wall Street dailies. Half an hour passed away. Then, during a brief spell of silence, while the girl was reading over the letter she had just written and comparing it with her shorthand notes, footsteps came slowly along the corridor, stopped outside the office, and then something crashed heavily against the door, shaking it violently. Nellie gave a nervous jump, while Bert sprang to his feet.

"Oh, dear! what was that?" asked the stenographer.

"I couldn't tell you; but I'm going to find out," said the junior partner.

He walked to the door and threw it open. A man in a slouched hat was huddled up there, and he toppled into the office when the door was open, like a bag of merchandise might, inert and helpless.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Bert. "What have we here?"

Nellie felt like screaming, for the strange man had all the appearance of death on his sunburned countenance. A heavy beard concealed the greater part of his face, while his attire consisted of a new suit of ready-made store clothes. The corridor was empty at the moment and so Bert dragged the man into the office and closed the door. He saw that the stranger was not dead, in spite of his ghastly looks. Neither was the man suffering from a fit, as far as the boy could see.

Apparently, he had fainted from some cause, which Bert regarded as serious, for stalwart-looking men like him do not faint easily. With Nellie's help, Bert got him on the lounge and, getting a glass of water, tried to bring him to. His efforts were successful, and the man opened his eyes just as Fred came back.

"Hello!" said Fred. "What has happened here?"

Bert explained matters in a few words.

"Did you telephone for an ambulance?" asked Fred.

"No. I wasn't sure the case was serious enough."

"I think we'd better get a doctor, at any rate, for him."

"No, no," whispered the stranger hoarsely, "don't get a doctor. It's just an attack I'm accustomed to. Let me rest here a while. I'll be all right again shortly."

"All right," said Fred. "You can stay here as long as you choose. If there is anything at all we can do for you we'll do it gladly."

"Thanks, pard. I don't need anything, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you've a drop of whisky handy."

"We haven't any in the office, but I'll get you some. It will be no trouble."

"I'll go for it," said Bert.

"Well, run over to the Empire Cafe and buy a half-pint flask of their best," nodded Fred.

Nellie, who had gone back to her table, resumed her work. Bert put on his hat and started on his errand.

"You say you are subject to these fits?" said Fred to the stranger.

"It isn't a fit. It's a weakness of the heart. I'm not as strong as I look. I'm from the West—Nevada. My name is Hank Gibson. Some years ago I got into a saloon scrap and was shot close to the heart. The ball is in there yet, stuck in the muscles. The doctors, after probing for it and failing to dislodge the ball, told me they dare not operate further, as the lead was too close to my heart. They thought I might pull through with it in me, and I did. But once in a while I have these spells come on, and I drop like a shot. This is the first in six months. Any extra exertion, or excitement, will bring on an attack, so I have to be as careful as I can. I suppose they'll fetch me some day, though when I get over them I feel no further inconvenience till the next attack. It was fortunate I went down outside your office. I might have fallen in the street—anywhere. They take me suddenly. I feel a sharp pain, and then everything grows black and I know nothing more till I come to," said the stranger.

Bert came back with the flask of whisky. Fred poured a good drink out in a glass and handed it to the stranger. He drank it slowly at first and then finished it at a gulp.

"That's the stuff," he said. "It puts life in a chap. There, I can sit up now, and in five minutes I'll be ready to go."

"Don't hurry yourself. You are welcome to remain in our office as long as you choose."

"Are you boys in business in this room?"

"Yes."

"What do you do?"

"We buy and sell railroad, industrial and mining stocks, also all kinds of gold bonds, on commission."

"You are brokers, then?"

"Yes."

"You look young for the business. How long have you been at it?"

"Not long. We used to work for a couple of Wall Street traders. Now we're bosses ourselves."

"I guess you chaps are pretty smart or you couldn't get along. You seem to be doing busi-

ness, all right," said the stranger, looking at Miss Travers, whose nimble fingers were flying over the keys of her typewriter.

"Oh, yes, we're doing a little something," said Fred, who did not think it necessary to admit that they were still waiting for their first customer.

"You young fellows have done me a real service and I'm grateful to you. I can put some business in your way that'll repay you."

"We shall be glad to execute any commission you give us, Mr. Gibson," said Fred.

"You charge the usual commission, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I was going to give my business to Broker Fosdick for I was recommended to him by a Goldfield firm of brokers, but seeing I owe you a good turn, and Fosdick ain't nothing to me in particular, if you can do what I want, the commission is yours."

"If it's in the brokerage line, as I judge it is, we can fix you up all right," said Fred, in a confident tone.

"I'm feeling all right now. I'll go over to your desk and talk business," said Gibson, suiting the action to the word.

Nellie put on her hat and said she was going to lunch, and Bert said he guessed he'd go, too, if his presence wasn't needed. Fred told him to go on, as he would attend to their customer.

"I suppose your name is Bassett," said the Westerner. "You seem to be the head of the firm."

"Yes, that's my name."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Bassett, I came East to buy up Minerva mining stock," began Gibson.

"Minerva!" ejaculated Fred, in some surprise.

He had been investigating the mine and had learned that it was considered no good. A hundred thousand shares had been disposed of by a smart promoter at ten cents a share. A great many of these shares had subsequently been sent to Wall Street brokers to be sold, but as there was no market for them, they had been returned to the owners. Fred had gathered this information to send to the firm's Long Island correspondent, whose letter was the first business communication the chums had received.

"You have heard about the mine, of course," said Gibson.

"We received a letter from a man in Jamaica this morning, asking for information about it."

"How many shares has he?"

"One thousand."

"What did you intend to write him?"

"That the stock was worthless."

"Worthless!" said the Westerner, with a quiet chuckle.

"I have been looking it up, and I find that it is regarded as a wildcat."

"Then it must surprise you that I wish to buy the stock?"

"You must have some pretty good reason for doing so."

"Naturally. Write to your Jamaica correspondent and offer him a cent a share."

"Do you mean you will give that?"

"Yes. And I'll take all you can get for me at the same rate. I know that 100,000 shares were sold here, and I want to get as many of

them as I can get hold of. Make out your order for an indefinite number of shares and I'll sign it. I'll leave \$1,000 deposit with you to show you that I mean business."

"I guess that stock isn't as worthless as Wall Street brokers think it is," said Fred, as he started to make out the order.

"No, it's worth a little something, but I don't think anybody but me would offer to buy it just now."

Fred passed the order to him and he signed it. Then he handed the boy \$1,000 in bills and took his receipt for the money.

"I'm stopping at the Astor House, where any communication will reach me. The sooner you get hold of the stock the better I'll like it. Here is a list of all the Eastern stockholders of record, with their addresses, which I copied off the books of the company. I dare say a lot of the stock has changed hands without any notification reaching the company, for the company has practically been out of business for a considerable time. It's going to be reorganized, and if your firm would care to take the Eastern agency I'd be glad to have you do it. I'll tell you right here that you won't regret it."

"If there's anything at all in it for us, we'll be glad to take it," said Fred.

"I wouldn't suggest the matter to you if I didn't think it would pay you."

"All right, Mr. Gibson, we'll talk about it after we have bought as much of the stock as we can pick up at the price. We'll get on the job at once."

"Maybe I'll drop in to-morrow and see how you're getting on," said the Western man, getting up.

"Do so. We'll be glad to see you."

Then Hank Gibson took his leave, and Bassett & Rowe had got their first customer, which was a matter of congratulation to them.

CHAPTER X.—The Chums Make a Big Haul.

In a little while Bert and Miss Travers returned, and Fred told his chum about the order he had got from the Westerner.

"We must treat him well, because he's the firm's first customer," said Fred.

"It was singular the way we captured him," said Bert.

"Yes, it was. We've got one on that nosey broker across the hall."

"In what way?"

"Our customer was bound for his office when he fell unconscious. He brought a letter of introduction."

"He won't lose a whole lot, for we can't charge more than 75 cents a thousand for buying the stock. That's the regulation rate for shares worth one and under two cents," said Bert.

"I know it; but everything counts with me. I'll bet it would give Broker Fosdick a fit, after what passed between us, if he learned that we got even a dollar in commission away from him."

"Oh, let him go bag!"

"Sure; he can go to grass with all the pleasure in the world. Now, I'm going to lunch, and then I'll look around for Minerva shares, so you

need not expect to see me back for a while. In the meanwhile, dictate a letter to our Jamaica correspondent, telling him that Minerva isn't worth the paper it's written on, but if he wants to get rid of it we'll take the certificates off his hands for ten dollars."

Thus speaking, Fred left the office. Bert dictated the letter to Nellie.

"It's our first," he said, as he finished.

"There always has to be a beginning," she replied, with a smile.

"Yes. I only hope more will follow. We've nailed our first customer, too. The gent who fell in on us so unexpectedly."

"Oh, he was coming here, then?"

"No, he wasn't. He was going to the man opposite—a very disagreeable sort of man, who paid us a visit while you were out taking dictation. He said things while he was in here that we didn't exactly approve, and Fred, acting as spokesman for the firm, handed him a few back. He didn't like his reception and left in a hurry. Our customer had a letter to him, but Fate willed that we should get him. I guess we'll go along now, for it's the first customer that's the hardest to get—at least, it was in our case, for we have no friends we can count on," said Bert.

In the meantime Fred went to lunch and then started out to look for Minerva shares, without reference to his list. Not many of the brokers had any of the stock hanging around their offices. He picked up 10,000 shares at three different places, and he got it all for \$22, and the traders were glad to get rid of it for that price. This was less than a quarter of a cent a share—next door to getting it for nothing. He returned to the office at half-past three. Nellie was nearly through with her work.

"I have a short letter to dictate to you," he said to the girl, "but I want you to make about a dozen copies of it, one addressed to each of the people on this list."

It took her till five o'clock to write them, with the envelopes to match. Then the office was closed for the day and, on the way home with his chum, he mailed the bunch. Next morning he dictated a letter to the firm's customer.

"Here, Bert, take this up to the Astor House and leave it at the desk. Read it and then seal it up," said Fred.

On the following day answers began coming in from the holders of Minerva stock, to all of whom Fred had offered a cent a share for their stock. Some took up his offer and notified the firm that they had mailed the certificates; the rest with a few exceptions, wanted to know more about his offer, at the same time telling him it had cost them ten cents a share. A few didn't answer at all, and these Fred judged to be people who had either changed their addresses or had disposed of their stock in some way.

The firm secured 40,000 more shares, which gave them half of the stock that had been sold in the East. The Westerner called, learned results so far, and invited the two chums to dine with him at the Astor House. They accepted the invitation, and after dinner they, in turn, invited him to go to the theater. He went with them, and thus they became better acquainted with their first customer. While they were trying to secure the Minerva shares they received letters

from different people who had seen their advertisement in the papers, and these wanted information about the stock market in general, and some of them advice about making investments.

In reply, Fred dictated a brief market letter and had Nellie make the necessary copies, which were mailed to the correspondents. By the time the firm had gathered in 20,000 more shares of Minerva, Fred told Bert that as B. & J. was going up, they might as well try their luck with it.

"Sure; why not?" replied Bert.

Accordingly, Fred bought 1,000 shares at 5, on the usual margin. After holding it three days the firm let it go at a profit of \$2,000. During this time they had several visitors—traders who had heard about them and dropped in to see them. Broker Fosdick did not bother them again, and they were just as well pleased. They passed him several times in the corridor, but he turned up his nose at them, which only made them laugh.

Finally they reported to Hank Gibson that 80,000 shares was all they could get of the Minerva stock, so he settled with them at that and allowed them to retain the \$62 Fred had saved on the first 10,000 shares. Then, telling them they would hear from him in a short time, he started West. One morning, shortly afterward, Bert collared another good tip. He learned on good authority that a syndicate had been formed to corner L. & M. Just for the fun of the thing, Fred called on Fosdick and asked him if he had any of the stock for sale.

"No, I haven't!" snapped the trader. "I wonder at your nerve coming here and asking me for it."

"I should think you'd be glad to do business with us," said Fred.

"No; I don't want to do any business with boys."

"Why not? Isn't our money as good as any one else's?"

"I don't believe you've got any."

"What do you suppose we're doing business on—hot air?"

"I don't believe you're doing any business. Nobody would be so foolish as to trade with kindergarten brokers."

"Oh, all right. Since you haven't got any L. & M., I'll say good-by, but I'll bet you haven't nerve enough to sell us an option on 2,000 shares."

"What's that? Sell you an option on 2,000 shares?"

"Yes. I'll give you two points above the market, which is 80, for a ten-day option on the stock, and we'll put up five per cent. of the current value as security. We want the stock, but we can't afford to pay for it just yet."

Five per cent. on \$60,000 was \$8,000, and Fosdick demanded to know if he had the money.

"We've got the money in the office. You can have it in five minutes."

"I'll take you up," said the trader promptly, thinking he was making a good thing of it.

He knew there was \$4,000 in it for him, anyway, less the cost of carrying \$160,000 worth of stock ten days. He would have to hypothecate it as soon as he bought it, for he didn't have that much money to tie up, but as long as he

could get his bank to carry the shares for him at the prevailing rate of interest he stood to win a profit out of the boys, and the satisfaction of making something out of them was considerable. So the deal was made. The chums also bought 2,000 more shares through the little bank, at 80. Both deals took \$28,000 of their money, but they felt pretty certain of coming out on top.

Fosdick did not buy L. & M. immediately, as he would have done under ordinary circumstances, because the price dropped a point, and he saw the chance of making more out of it by waiting. On the second day it went down another point and he rubbed his hands. That was the time he should have bought, for it would have turned him in an additional profit of \$4,000, or double what he had figured on at first. He held off, looking to see it go lower. Instead of that, it took a sudden jump up to 81, and he lost \$6,000 that he might have made. Next day it went up half a point more, and then he got scared and bought it. After he bought it it dropped back to 79, and he kicked himself for not waiting. He was so mad about it that he made himself extra disagreeable to his clerks all that day.

After that L. & M. began going up again. This time it kept on till it reached 95, on the ninth day of the option. The boy firm then sold the option to Mr. Davis, at 94, making \$24,000 out of it. They also sold the 2,000 they had at the little bank at the market price and made \$30,000 more. In all, they cleared \$54,000 off the tip, and, to a certain extent, put it over Fosdick, who only made a few hundred out of his option deal. The fact that they had sold his option instead of taking it up and paying for the stock still further convinced Fosdick that the boy firm had no great amount of money at their back. However, he knew they had made nearly \$25,000 on the option, and he was not greatly pleased to think that he was the means of giving them a financial lift. He determined to try and do them some way in order to get square.

CHAPTER XI.—The Chums Hire An Experienced Assistant.

One morning Fred noticed an advertisement in a Wall Street daily that struck his attention. A bookkeeper, with many years' experience in the financial district, wanted a position in a broker's office, where he would be willing to make himself generally useful. He could be addressed by initials, care of the paper. With a capital of over \$80,000, the chums had become ambitious to get a real start in the brokerage business, but, outside their standing advertisement, they didn't know how to get customers, for they had no friends to apply to. They had probably had 100 or more answers so far to their advertisement, but none of them produced results. They all wanted information about the market, and when they got it that was the last the firm heard from them. Fred showed the advertisement to Bert.

"I think I'll answer that," he said.

"What do we want with a bookkeeper? We're not doing any business," answered Bert.

"I know it; but we'd like to do some business, wouldn't we?"

"Sure we would."

"Very well. I thought I'd have the man call here and have a talk with him. If he can give us a few pointers that will help us get business, why, we'll pay him for his information. In that way he can put a little money in his pocket while waiting for a position. See the point?"

"Yes. Go ahead. Your idea isn't a bad one. We can afford to pay well for the real goods."

So Fred answered the advertisement and the party called at the office. He was a well-dressed, gentlemanly man, with a mustache and chin beard. He said he lost a position held by him for fifteen years by the firm going out of business. He was thoroughly acquainted with the brokerage business, and could fill in at any office position. Fred told him what the firm was looking for.

"We have no need for a bookkeeper, but we are willing to pay for information that will put us in line for securing customers," he said.

"And after you get the customers, you can handle them?" asked the gentleman, with a smile. "Have you capital enough to carry on a brokerage business, and do you know how to raise money to carry stock for your customers?"

"I guess we can make out somehow."

"Somehow is a poor way to put it. I can give or sell you expert advice, but I can't guarantee that it will be productive of results."

"We don't ask you to guarantee anything but your advice."

"Look here, young man, the best thing you can do, if you can afford it, is to hire me as advising manager and bookkeeper. I will engage with you at \$20 a week, and if at the end of the first month you think I am a losing proposition, we'll call the arrangement off. I think, however, I will be able to put you in the way of more than \$80 worth of experience, and that you will also get your money back with interest."

"All right," said Fred. "We'll give you a trial."

"The first thing you will want is a set of books," said the gentleman, whose name was Wilford Gray. "I will open them and show you how to keep them in case you decide that you cannot afford to keep me."

"Oh, if you can get us into the swim, in a business sense, we'll keep you all right. We do not expect to make money at the very start."

"How much capital have you?"

"Eighty-six thousand dollars."

The bookkeeper looked surprised.

"As much as that?" he said.

"Yes."

"Then I think you ought to be able to make a start as long as you do not expect too much. When do you want me to come?"

"You can start in right away."

"I presume the young lady stenographer is not working for you?"

"No; she's a friend of ours, and is paying one-third of the rent for the privilege of office room with us. She also gives us service free. We accept it because it is only occasionally we have anything for her to do. As soon as we have

enough work to engage a certain part of her time we will put her on our pay-roll."

Fred and the bookkeeper went out together to buy the books and other necessary things. When they got back Bert handed his chum a letter which had come during his absence. It was from Hank Gibson. He stated that he and his friends had obtained complete control of the Minerva mining property and had reorganized the company, with him as president. He inclosed the boy firm's appointment as Eastern representatives of the mine.

"The cause of all this is that we found there was good-paying ore on the property, which only requires proper development to turn it into a very fair mine. When the stock is listed, which it never was before, we shall send you on blank certificates, all signed and sealed, for you to fill out to purchasers. Also a transfer book. You will advertise the mine on lines that we will furnish you, and do your best to dispose of the stock. Naturally, you will have some trouble, as the original management gave the mine a black eye by their wildcat methods, but as we have the goods and mean business, the public and the brokers will soon come to learn that the Minerva is a legitimate enterprise and worth every cent put into it," wrote Gibson.

Fred handed the letter to Gray to read, and told him about the commission the firm had executed for the Westerner.

"You have accepted this appointment in advance, I should judge," said Gray.

"Yes, with the understanding that it will pay us," replied Fred.

"It will be an advantage to you if the mine turns out all right."

"That's the way we figured."

When the books were delivered, Gray took them in hand and started in on them, using Bert's desk. Bert went to a second-hand dealer on Nassau street and bought a good, tall desk for the bookkeeper to use. When it arrived some changes were made in the position of the furniture, so as to place it to the best advantage. The roll-top desks of the chums had previously been back to back, with their ends toward one of the windows. Bert's was removed and Fred's swung around facing the door. The ticker stood within easy reach. Nellie's table was at the other window. The tall desk was placed end on against it, the back of Bert's desk faced the girl and the same was moved to a corner behind the bookkeeper.

After Gray had opened the books properly, which was a simple matter as things stood, he held a consultation with the boys, and gave them a lot of advice and general information that was bound to be of great value to them. The boys kept the greater part of their capital in a safe deposit box, leaving about \$6,000 in the safe for immediate use, if necessary. They told Gray how they had made their money. He congratulated them on their remarkable good fortune, and advised them to go slow in the speculative field thereafter, for such luck as they had had was too good to last, he said.

"You have the capital and the chance to build up a legitimate business and it would be a

shame for you to lose your grip through some unfortunate deal," said he.

The chums agreed with him, and said they would be cautious about what they went into in the future. A standing advertisement was put in one or two more daily papers, and in a few days the firm got its second customer. A man out in Pottsville, Pa., sent in \$1,000 with an order to buy 100 shares of a certain stock on margin, together with instructions about selling it at a certain figure if it advanced to that point. Fred took the order over to Broker Davis to execute for them on a half-commission basis. Shortly afterward they got their first city customer, through the influence of the bookkeeper.

One morning the telephone rang. Fred was at his desk and answered it. The girl at the switchboard downstairs was at the other end. She said a man wanted to see him on special business in the main corridor.

"Why doesn't he come up to my office?" replied Fred.

There was a short pause, and then the operator said he told her he did not have much time to spare, and he'd like Fred to come down. So Fred went down. The man who was waiting for him was a stranger.

"My name is Smith. Come this way; I have a message of importance for you."

He led Fred down the corridor and then along a branch one to the head of the stairs leading down into the engine room, where, he said, they could talk without being overheard.

"Now, what's your message?" asked Fred.

"I'm a friend of Paul Dunkle."

"Who is Paul Dunkle? I don't know him."

"He is one of the men indicted for the attempted burglary of the Davis house on ——— street."

"What have I got to do with him?" asked Fred, annoyed at having been called down on such an errand.

"You and your partner will be witnesses against him and his pal when they're brought for trial shortly. Now, we want to square this matter with you and keep you away from the court; or to have you tell a different story than you did at the examination," said the man.

"Say, what do you take me for? Do you suppose either I or my partner would consent to stand in with a crook, like your friend Dunkle? If you do, you're wrong. There isn't money enough in Wall Street to bribe us to do what we ought not to do."

"You're a fool, young fellow!" said the man angrily. "You can't make \$250 any easier."

"I don't want to continue this interview. You have made me lose fifteen minutes of my time to no advantage."

"I'll make you lose more than that, confound you!" cried the man fiercely.

He seized the boy by the arms, lifted and flung him down the iron stairs. As Fred went rolling down the long flight the man hastily left the building.

his hat, and said he would only be gone a few minutes."

At that moment the door opened, and big Mike, the janitor of the building, entered the office, bearing the unconscious Fred in his arms. Nellie, Bert and the bookkeeper sprang from their desks and rushed forward with ejaculations of consternation.

"I found him lying in a heap halfway down the stairs leading to the first cellar, so it looks as if he started down, looking for me, maybe, and lost his balance. He was lucky not to roll all the way down," replied the janitor.

Bert remembered the flask of whisky he had bought to give the Westerner a drink the day of his first appearance at the office. It was in a lower drawer of Fred's desk. He got it, poured some in a glass and, opening his chum's mouth, poured a little down his throat. That brought Fred to his senses quite promptly.

Fred looked around him in a dazed way and didn't seem to understand the situation. In a few moments his brain cleared and he recalled everything. He then related the cause of the trouble, and his partner was much astonished.

"You must telephone the police about the matter," said Bert. "I suppose you can describe the rascal?"

"Quite well. He ought to be arrested, for he might have killed me," said Fred.

"How do you feel now?"

"Pretty good. One of my shins is skinned, and one of my elbows."

"Your head is cut a little. Better go out and see a druggist."

Fred said he would after he had notified the police. While he was out he called on Broker Davis and told him about his encounter with a friend of one or both of the burglars.

"The fellow must have been poorly advised to call on you upon such an errand," said the broker. "Bribery is a State prison offence, and if the police catch him you can make it hot for him."

After some further talk on the subject Fred went away. The police hunted for the man, but he kept out of the way and was not caught. The two burglars were duly tried and the boy brokers appeared against them with Mr. Davis' housekeeper. The jury found them guilty, and they were sent up the river for a term of years. A few days after the trial the Western mining papers had an account of the reorganization of the Minerva mining company, and they also printed a verified statement that good ore had been discovered at a certain level, and that work would soon begin in the mine.

Two or three of these clippings were sent to Bassett & Rowe by Gibson, together with other matter of interest connected with the mine, including a map of the property, which Fred had framed and hung up on the wall. A painter was called in and the following was put on the door:

"Eastern Agency of the Minerva Gold and Silver Mining Co., of Tonopah, Nevada."

CHAPTER XII.—The Chums' Progress.

"I wonder what's keeping Fred downstairs?" said Bert to the bookkeeper. "He didn't take

This addition to the door soon attracted the attention of the other tenants of the corridor, and Broker Fosdick ventured to call again. He was rather surprised to see that the boys had a

bookkeeper in addition to the stenographer, and he judged they must be doing business.

"I see you represent the Minerva Mining Company," he said to Fred.

"Yes, sir."

"Hum! I suppose you are going to promote a sale of its stock in Wall Street?"

"We are waiting for orders to do that."

"If it's more than a nickel, I don't think you will be able to sell any, for the mine has a black eye since the public was stung a year or more ago."

"I can't help that. We'll do our best to put the stock on the market. The officers of the new company are not likely to ask more than the shares will fetch out in Goldfeld. Prices will be based on the market quotations."

"Are you buying any mining stocks at present?"

"No. We haven't had any orders for them."

"I have a block of Cinderella Consolidated that I can let you have cheap."

"Thank you, but I guess we don't care to handle it."

Broker Fosdick, seeing he couldn't unload the Cinderella Consolidated on the boy firm, took his leave. In a day or two Minerva was listed on the Goldfield Exchange, and the stock was freely sold at fifteen cents a share. Bassett & Rowe were instructed to offer it on the Curb at that price. Fred selected a young broker he was acquainted with to act for the firm. The boy then put an advertisement in the Sunday papers, calling attention to the mine and offering the shares at fifteen cents.

Inside of a week 50,000 shares were disposed of and the money, less commission charges and other expenses, was sent to the treasurer of the Minerva Company. It was about this time that a boom started in J. & D. It had been slowly advancing for some days and then started upward with a rush. The boys didn't believe in buying stock after it was up. That was the time to sell, they argued. Still they thought they would take a risk on this, and after a talk with the bookkeeper, who advised them to keep out of it, they bought 3,000 shares at 92. Three hours later the stock was going at 96 and a fraction, and the Exchange was a seething cauldron of excitement. The stock this time was purchased through Mr. Davis, and when fifteen minutes later it reached 97 3-8, Fred ordered Davis to sell it. The broker disposed of it in lots to suit, and Fred returned to the office in high feather.

"I bought 3,000 of J. & D. contrary to your advice, Mr. Gray, and after holding it four hours sold it at a profit of \$5 a share. How is that for luck? It raises our capital to \$100,000. Here is the memorandum and you can make the proper entries in our books. We've made a good deal more money out of a deal before, but nothing like it in so short a time," said Fred.

"You boys certainly appear to have most astonishing luck," said the bookkeeper. "Nevertheless, I contend I acted in your interests in advising you not to go in."

"We'll admit you did, but in this case we had our own way, and have won out."

"I hope you will let that content you. Speculative brokers do not invite the same confidence

from customers that conservative houses do, because they are always liable to go to the wall under a stress of untoward circumstances, and that places their customers in a bad position. You are trying to build up a business, and if the impression gets around that you are inclined to speculate to any extent, it is going to hurt your reputation."

The bookkeeper's statement was true, and his advice was always good. Fred discovered that he had been playing with fire in his rapid-action deal, for five minutes before three the market went to pieces with a crash, and the only thing that averted a panic on the floor was the chairman's gavel, ending business for the day. Everybody was more or less prepared for the slump which continued next day, and J. & D. declined ten points under liquidation.

In a day or two Fred collected the firm's winnings and slapped it away in their safe-deposit box. The chums were now accumulating a few customers, and the future looked rosy, though their legitimate business did not as yet begin to pay their expenses. Both boys got their mothers to sell out their businesses and move uptown to a nice apartment house, where they took apartments on the same floor.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Lady and the Government Bonds.

One morning a handsomely dressed and chic-looking lady walked into the office and asked for Mr. Bassett.

"That's my name, madam," said Fred, jumping up and offering his fair visitor a chair beside his desk.

"My name is Mrs. Douglas Taylor."

Fred bowed and waited for further developments.

"My husband is a traveling man and is away from home a good part of his time. He makes a lot of money in his business and instead of banking the surplus he puts it in bonds. He thinks them safer, and they draw a better interest. He says they are convertible into cash at any time. A month ago he presented me with a thousand-dollar Government bond as a birthday present, which was good of him, don't you think?"

"Yes, ma'am; it was quite liberal on his part," replied Fred, quite taken with his fascinating visitor.

"I intended to keep it and collect the interest when it came due, but, dear me, I saw the loveliest suit at Madame Sengali's, on Fifth avenue, yesterday, and it is really cheap at the price, \$400, she asks for it. Of course, I must have a hat to match it, and I can't get that less than \$50. Then there are other things. When I had footed everything up, I found they would cost me over \$600. I either have to sell the bond or go without the clothes. It seems a shame to dispose of that bond so soon after I got it, but what am I to do? I really must have the outfit, and so, seeing your advertisement in the paper, I decided to call on you and get you to buy the bond."

"Did you bring the bond with you?" asked Fred.

"I have it in my bag."

In a few moments she placed it in Fred's hands.

"How much can I get for it?"

"About eleven hundred dollars."

"How lovely! Will you take it and give me the money, deducting your commission for selling it? I suppose you'll sell it right away. These Government bonds, I'm told, are as good as gold."

Fred saw that the bond was an ordinary coupon one, and that it was readily negotiable.

Fred took it over to the bookkeeper and showed it to him.

"The lady, whose name is Taylor, brought that here to sell. She wants me to give her the cash for it," said Fred.

"Where does she live?"

"I didn't ask her."

"How came she to get the bond?"

"She says her husband gave it to her for a birthday present a short time ago."

"And she wants to turn it into money?"

"She wants to buy a new dress, a new hat, and other things, which she says will cost her \$600."

"Rather extravagant, I should say."

"She told me that her husband, who is a traveling man, makes lots of money."

"I should think he did, to be able to give away thousand-dollar bonds. Well, get her full name and address and then tell her you'll have to send to your bank and get the money. Come back to me with the information."

Fred returned to the lady and found out that her name was Mrs. Laura Taylor, and that she lived at the Khedive Apartment house on 45th street. Fred figured out the value of the bond, deducted his commission and told her what she would get.

"That will be quite satisfactory," she replied, with a smile.

"Very well. I will send to the bank for the cash," said the boy, taking the slip with the information to the bookkeeper.

He looked at it, made a note of the number and series of the bond and, putting on his hat, went out. Going next door, he asked to use the telephone a minute, and received permission. He connected with the Khedive Apartment house.

"Does a lady named Laura Taylor live there with her husband, who is a drummer?" he asked the person who answered.

"No, sah. Nobody of that name in the house."

"Very well. That is all."

Then he went over to the Stock Exchange and inquired if any Government bonds had been reported as lost or stolen recently. He was referred to the bulletin board where various notices were posted up. He found that a dozen Government coupon \$1,000 bonds had been reported as stolen from a Fifth avenue mansion that morning. Going over the numbers, he found that one of them corresponded with the one offered for sale by the lady. He made a note of them all and then communicated with Police Headquarters. He was told that a detective would be sent down at once.

"Get him here mighty quick, then. A lady

has offered the bond for sale at our office, and we can't keep her too long."

"All right," and the desk sergeant rang off.

The bookkeeper walked slowly back to the building. There was a cab standing in front, and Mr. Gray wondered if it was waiting for the lady. He saw there was a man sitting inside. The bookkeeper waited around the door and in fifteen minutes an auto rushed up and stopped. A sharp-looking Irishman, dressed in a business suit, got out. He came into the building and looked at the directory of names.

"Looking for Bassett & Rowe?" asked Gray.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Are you from Headquarters?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because I'm Bassett & Rowe's bookkeeper, and I telephoned the information that has brought you down here."

"Oh! The lady is upstairs?"

"I presume she is, and quite impatient by this time."

"Let us go up, then."

Up they went.

"You go in first and go to your desk," said the detective. "I will follow in a minute. Pay the lady the money and take her receipt. Then we'll have her."

The bookkeeper went in, hung up his hat, opened the same and took out the money, which he counted out and carried over to the lady, with a receipt. The lady took off her glove, signed the receipt, and the bookkeeper took up the bond as the detective walked in. The moment her eyes fell on his face she turned pale and clung to her chair for support.

"I must go," she said to Fred.

"Allow me to see you to the elevator, Mrs. Taylor," said Fred politely.

"Don't trouble yourself, young man," said the detective, taking the boy for a clerk. "I'll attend to that. Where is the Government bond the lady just sold this firm?" he added, looking at the bookkeeper.

"Here it is."

"I'll take it, and the receipt, please."

"How is this?" said Fred, in astonishment.

"Never mind, young man. This bond happens to have been stolen, with others, this morning, and this lady, whom I recognize, will have to explain how she came by it."

The detective laid his hand on the lady's arm.

"You'll have to come with me, Nance Whiting."

"Sir, you are mistaking me for somebody else. My name is——"

"Yes, I know; you are sailing under the name of Laura Taylor here. Your clever ruse has failed, and you will have to account for having that bond in your possession. You have received the money for it, for which I hold your receipt, so you see we have it on you good and proper, my lady."

"Are you going to take that bond away, sir? Are you a detective?" asked Fred.

"I am a detective, and I am going to take the bond."

"He's all right," said the bookkeeper. "This young man is Mr. Bassett, the head of the firm," he added to the detective.

The detective looked surprised.

"Well, now, I took him for a clerk," he said.

"Make out a receipt for this bond," he added to the bookkeeper, "in the name of the Department, and I'll sign it."

The bookkeeper did so. He also wrote the following on a piece of paper:

"There's a cab at the door with a man in it. He may be waiting for the lady."

He handed it to the detective. The officer nodded after reading it.

"Will you hold this woman here till I return?" he said to Fred.

"I will if you order me to."

"It is my wish that you do so."

Then the detective left the office.

In a short time he returned.

"Now, madam, I'll trouble you to come with me," he said, in a tone that showed he meant to be obeyed.

The lady got up and accompanied him downstairs, where she found her companion, who had come with her in the cab, under arrest. The pair were at once taken to Police Headquarters.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Chums Move to Better Quarters.

Fred and the bookkeeper were both summoned to appear at the police court on the following morning. A dignified-looking, white-haired gentleman was also on hand. It developed that he was the person who had been robbed of the bonds and other valuables by the lady prisoner, who was an expert confidence operator, with a police record in other cities besides New York. He gave his name as Mason, and his residence as No. — Fifth avenue. He told how he had been hoodwinked by the woman, who had called in reply to his advertisement for a private secretary. She had drugged and then robbed him of the property described. He positively identified the woman prisoner as the party in question.

Fred then was called to the stand and told about the lady's visit to his office for the purpose of selling one \$1,000 bond. He identified the woman prisoner as that person, and also the bond when it was handed to him. Bookkeeper Gray then testified. He said that while he and Mr. Bassett had had no suspicions of the honesty of their customer, they considered it their duty, where negotiable security was offered for sale by persons unknown to them, to obtain reasonable assurance that the security offered for sale really belonged to the seller.

He had therefore communicated with the address given by the lady and learned that she did not live there. Then he learned at the Stock Exchange that the bond in question, with others, had been stolen from a gentleman named Mason. Instead of communicating with the firm of brokers, whose name was attached to the notice, he got in touch with the police, because time was important. The result was the lady was arrested in Bassett & Rowe's office after she had turned over the bond and received the money for it. He identified the prisoner, the bond, and the receipt.

The detective went on the stand and had something to say, then the magistrate held the woman for the action of the grand jury. The male prisoner was then brought to the bar, but as nothing could be proved against him, except that he had accompanied the lady to Wall Street in the cab, he was discharged, but as the police regarded him as the "man behind," he was not lost sight of. He made no effort to keep out of the way, but in the course of an hour appeared before a judge with a lawyer and gave cash bail for the lady, who was then released and went away with him. In the meanwhile Mr. Mason introduced himself to Fred, thanked him for saving his property, and assured him he would not forget the service. A few days later he called at the office of the chums and was welcomed there. Shortly after Mr. Mason went away Fred got a letter from Hank Gibson.

"I am sending you a tip that's a winner. A rich lead of ore has been discovered in the Cinderella Consolidated. There are a few thousand shares of the mine floating around Wall Street. Buy every one you can get hold of. The price here to-day is four cents. It will jump to a quarter when the news gets out, and will go higher later on. Me and my partners have secured a big block of it, and expect to make enough out of it to help matters in the Minerva, which is panning out first-rate for a comparatively new thing. If I were you, I'd buy in the unsold shares of Minerva yourselves at the market price of 20. You won't lose anything by it. According to our advices, you still have 25,000 shares on hand. We need the money, and the more work we're able to do, the better the prospect will be for the mine. By taking that block we shall look upon you chaps as one of us, and we'd rather have you gain than outsiders. Besides, we'd have your support."

So wrote Hank, and after Bert read the letter the chums consulted and decided to buy in the 25,000 shares at 20 cents. They could easily afford to expend the \$5,000. They also decided to buy up Cinderella Consolidated.

"Broker Fosdick across the hall had a block a while ago. I'll call on him and see if he's got the stock yet," said Fred.

Fosdick had the stock, 20,000 shares, and he said he'd sell it at the market.

"Well, I'll take the stock," said Fred.

"All of it?"

"All of it. It's only a small item. Send the certificates in with your receipt for the money and we'll attend to the transferring. The stock has got to be sent to Goldfield for the company has no agent here."

So the deal was made and Bassett & Rowe came in possession of the shares for \$800. That afternoon Fred picked up 20,000 more from two other brokers at the same price. The stock was expressed to the office of the secretary at Goldfield.

Before they received their new certificates the news of the find in the mine came out and the price jumped to 20 cents. When Fosdick heard the news he was mad over it. Three days later he was madder still when additional discoveries sent the price to 30 cents. Minerva also advanc-

ed to 25 cents. When the young firm got its shares back from Goldfield, a letter from the president of the Cinderella Consolidated accompanied the certificates.

"We shall want a transfer office in Wall Street, as our mine is now coming to the front. As you are now large holders of our stock, we are disposed to give you the agency, if you will take it. Send us reference and your views on the subject."

"We refer you to the Minerva G. & S. Mining Co., of Tonopah, for which we are the Eastern representatives. We are a responsible firm, though a young one, and we are large holders of Minerva stock," wrote Fred.

The result was that Bassett & Rowe got the agency, and the Cinderella Consolidated Mine was added to their sign on the door, and it created more comment from the tenants on the corridor, who began to think that the boy firm was "some pumpkins," after all. By that time Minerva had advanced to 30 cents and Cinderella Consolidated to 40. Both stocks had cost the firm \$5,800, and they were worth on the Goldfield market \$23,500, so the chums were considerably ahead on their mining operations, besides being agents for both of the companies. In the meantime their business was increasing and their office had grown too small to accommodate it. The superintendent of the building told Fred he had a suite of three rooms on the fourth floor which the firm could have. The rent, however, was pretty stiff, more than they wanted to pay. The bookkeeper told them in the long run it would be to their advantage to take the suite.

"Probably Miss Travers might take one of the rooms, for her business has increased so that she told me she couldn't handle it under her present conditions, even with the girl you allowed her to hire," he said to Fred. "She does not want to separate from you, she told me, and she doesn't know what she will do."

"I'll talk to her," said Fred.

Fred had a talk with her and an agreement was reached between them, in which Bert coincided, that she could have one of the rooms of the suite for its proportionate rent. Bassett & Rowe moved into their new quarters on the first of May.

"It will be cheaper for you to hire a girl for yourself," Miss Travers said to Fred, one day when she presented her weekly bill.

"Probably; but you stuck by us, little girl, from the start, and were a great help to us in many ways. We are going to stick to you, no matter what it costs," he replied.

"You are very good," she answered, "but I am prosperous myself now, and I don't want to rob you."

"You've already robbed me of the most important thing I possess, Nellie."

"Why, Mr.——"

"Drop the mister. You've stolen my heart, and you know it, though you won't let on."

She looked down at the carpet and made no reply.

"Do you love me or don't you?"

"Yes, Fred. I have always loved you from the——"

"I know, and you'll marry me some day not far off?"

"If you wish me to."

"Of course I do," he said, catching her in his arms and kissing her just as the private room door opened and Bert walked in. He gasped and hastily walked out again.

Fred O. K'd her bill, and she collected the money from the bookkeeper on her way back to her own quarters. Then Bert came in.

"It's a fine day," he remarked, with a grin.

"Yes. What are you snickering at?"

"I was just thinking, that's all."

"Thinking you have my goat, I suppose?"

"Your goat?"

"Sure. You saw me kissing Miss Travers."

"How do you know I did?"

"I didn't see you, but she did; and she nearly had a fit."

"When do you two expect to embark on the sea of matrimony?"

"Oh, there's lots of time. We're young yet. If we embark in a boat, we'll take you along to do the Rowe-ing."

"You're funny yourself."

"Well, what did you do while you were out?"

"I took a bunch of orders over to Davis. I appear to be messenger boy as well as junior partner."

"I thought you liked to run around on the outside."

"So I do. By the way, I was in the Empire Cafe after a bite."

"After a bite? There's no dogs in that place," chuckled Fred.

"Oh, say, cut it out! I saw Fosdick in there with a couple of friends."

"Well?"

"He's putting up a job on us."

"Is he? How kind of him! How did you learn about it?"

"Overheard their conversation. We're going to get a quiet tip to buy A. & B. We are to be told there is a syndicate behind it. As soon as we bite——"

"If we do."

"The Fosdick bunch will bring about a slump and catch us."

"If the Fosdick bunch can do that, they're good ones. I've got the tip already, but it didn't come from the Fosdick crowd. Mr. Mason was in here, and he told me to get in on A. & B. He gave us an order to buy 10,000 shares for him, to be delivered C. O. D. at his bank. If the Fosdick bunch are counting on A. & B. to put us in a hole, they're off their perch. Maybe they'll get pinched themselves," said Fred.

"Good!" said Bert. "I'd like to see them get caught in their own trap."

Later on Fred got a note from a broker he knew, tipping him off to A. & B.

"Get in for all you're worth, and you'll make a raft of coin," said the broker.

Fred grinned. He went out and bought the 10,000 shares for Mr. Mason. Then he called on Fosdick.

"Want to sell me another option?" Fred asked.

"On what?"

"A. & B."

"Think it's going up?" grinned Fosdick, rubbing his hands.

"I do. It's going at 90. I'll give you 92."

"Make it a half and I'll take you."

"A half goes," and the deal was made for 5,000 shares.

Fosdick was in great glee. Did he go out and buy the stock, for by so doing he stood to win \$12,500? He did not. On the contrary, he and his friends got together and jumped on A. & B. The price sagged. The syndicate behind helped on the good work by knocking it down to 80. Fosdick could have shouted for joy he was so happy. Bassett & Rowe were over \$60,000 to the bad. That was true, but the option had seven days yet to run.

Next day A. & B. began to recover, and it recovered so fast that it took Fosdick's breath away. By the time he woke up it was going at 95. He found himself as much to the bad as he might have been to the good. He bought, however, and it was lucky he did so. On the day the option expired A. & B. was going at 105.

Fred called on Mr. Mason, who, by previous arrangement, advanced the boy \$20,000. Then the boy called on Fosdick for the stock as per his option.

"It's hypothecated at my bank," said the broker sourly.

"We'll go over to the bank, then."

They did and the stock was released. Fred carried it to Davis, and he sold it right away at the market price, and thus, instead of getting bitten, Bassett & Rowe made over \$60,000 on the option.

With a cash capital of \$160,000 and 65,000 mining shares of Minerva and Cinderella Consolidated, worth 35 and 50 cents a share, respectively, or \$28,750, the chums were pretty well fixed, not to mention their business, which was increasing every week. And so we will leave them in the money game with their eyes fixed on half a million in the future and draw the curtain on the luck of two Wall Street chums.

Next week's issue will contain "A GOLDEN TREASURE; or, THE MYSTERY OF AN OLD TRUNK."

ACT QUICK!

"Mystery Magazine" No. 95, out October 15th, contains

A Cash Prize Contest!

Get a copy from your newsdealer, read the conditions of the contest, and try to get some of the genuine prize money, we are going to give to the winners. This is no trick contest.

It is very simple and easy.

Everybody stands an equal chance to win.

The Contest closes November 15th.

The above-mentioned magazine contains an incomplete short story. The first six people who send us an ending of the story like that written by the author will receive checks distributed as follows:

\$50.00 for the best explanation,

25.00 for the second best,

10.00 for the third best,

5.00 each for the fourth, fifth and sixth best.

The author's ending of the story will be published with the prize-winner's ending. There will be three impartial and reliable judges, so that everybody will get a fair deal. If a tie occurs, each tying contestant will receive an equal prize.

Try your luck. It does not cost anything to enter the contest except the price of a copy of "Mystery Magazine," No. 95.

GET A COPY!

CURRENT NEWS

TOWN GETS STOLEN LIQUOR.

Unknown individuals broke into the cellar of the postoffice at Bellefonte, Pa., where many thousand dollars' worth of confiscated liquor was stored, and carted away nearly all of the bottled goods which included well known brands. The stolen liquor was hidden in old boilers at the steam heating plant, about three blocks from the postoffice, and school children playing about the plant discovered the cache. They promptly spread the story and there was an immediate rush.

Even women joined in the stampede, and by the time officers arrived only three bottles remained. One man, it is said, obtained two dozen bottles, while women took all they could carry. Officers are trying to recover the stolen liquor, but have found only a small portion of it. Of the large amount of liquor confiscated hereabouts and stored in the postoffice cellar nearly all except the barrel stuff has been stolen.

RADIO WAVES REACH MARS, BUT TAKE TIME.

The question has often been raised as to whether it will ever be possible to communicate by wireless with the inhabitants of other planets. The wireless waves in the ether go on forever, so there will be no reason why people cannot communicate with other planets if the inhabitants have the proper receiving apparatus. Some of the planets, however, are so far away that electric waves traveling at a speed of 106,000,000 miles per second would take several thousand years to reach them. There is very little chance of these remote planets hearing the nightly radio concerts sent out from the wireless test station at the East Pittsburgh works of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. They are now known to several thousand amateurs all over the United States, and having a wave length of 330 metres, are readily picked up.

FEDERAL SLEUTHS TO BE TRAINED HERE.

Establishment of a training school for Government sleuths in New York was announced by Attorney General Daugherty as a part of the reorganization of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. All agents now in the service and all to be appointed, he said, will be sent to the school for instruction.

"It is hoped," Mr. Daugherty added, "that through this school a personnel of investigators may be obtained which will rank favorably with, if not surpass, agencies of a similar character throughout the world and will perform a signal service to the public at large in the enforcement of law and order."

The course will include various phases of investigation work, together with a presentation of the rights of American citizens and residents of the United States. The law of arrest, the rudiments of evidence and the proper methods to be followed in preparing cases for prosecution will also be subjects of study.

"The agents will be impressed," Mr. Daugherty said, "with the necessity of extending to the public a courteous and considerate attitude in the performance of their duties."

OUTCAST ELDERBERRY RESPECTED FOR WINE.

Prohibition has created a new farm crop for Michigan. The humble elderberry, long regarded as a pest on Michigan farms because of its habit of growing thickly in fence rows, has come into its own. The purchasers do not pretend they have suddenly discovered its value for pies, but openly announce they desire it for wine making.

Whereas in former years the Michigan elderberries rotted by thousands of bushels ungathered, this year they commanded as high as \$3 a bushel, stems and all—and the elderberry is prolific of stems.

The ease with which they are gathered, a bushel requiring only ten minutes to pick, and the luxuriance with which they thrive in poor soil and untended, have recommended the berries to many farmers, who are considering planting the bushes in all the nooks and corners of their property.

Berry hunters from the nearby cities have invaded every outlying section of the State this autumn and carried in the fruit. Many farmers have taken truck-loads of berries to the Detroit markets and found ready sale for them.

CHINESE DENTISTS PULL TEETH WITH FINGERS.

Although the Chinese boast that nothing is new to them, and that all the arts and sciences are old stories in China, it is still true that for operations in dentistry we would hardly care to go to a Chinese.

The work of old-time Chinese dentists is ludicrously primitive. The operator extracts all teeth with his fingers. From youth to manhood he is trained to pull pegs from a wooden board, and this training changes the aspect of the hand and gives him a finger grip that is equivalent to a lifting power of three or four hundred pounds.

For toothache he employs opium, peppermint oil, cinnamon oil and clove oil. Sometimes he fills teeth, but he does it so poorly that the fillings fall out after a few months.

There is an element of superstition in his work, for he asserts that all dental troubles are brought on by tooth worms, and he always shows the nerve pulp to the patient as such a worm. For humbugging purposes also the dentist carries about in his pocket some white grubs, and after he has extracted a tooth he shows a grub to the sufferer as the cause of all the trouble. A dentist of this class is regarded by his countrymen as half way between a barber and a laborer in the social scale, which is certainly a great injustice to an honest laborer.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

Another nod from the judge, and two court officers ranged themselves alongside a smooth-faced man sitting on the front bench, seizing him by the arms, and then Lew went up to him, drawing forth the clues he had found on the floor of the room in which he had made his fight in the dark, and placing the short, curling beard on the man's face, he immediately had Amos before him, as he had confidently expected, and then he matched the broken piece of cameo with the fractured charm that hung from the man's watch chain, and then turned to the judge and said:

"Your Honor, this is one of the men who was mixed up in three different cases of abduction, and he is the 'brains' of the gang that worked up the conspiracy at the back of the Winslow case, and I ask for his arrest, promising to produce convincing evidence against him. His name is Morgan Drake."

With a growl of rage, Morgan Drake tried to break the hold of the court officers, but he was safely handcuffed.

Lew Rand's triumph was complete, for not only had he effectually disposed of the Winslow case, an action that had threatened to cost the railroad company many thousands of dollars, but he had caused the arrest of the principal who had conspired to defraud.

The young lawyer rushed from the court as soon as possible, jumped into a hack, and rode with all speed to the home of his employer, and when he told him what the result had been John Scribner jumped so that he nearly displaced the cast on his broken leg.

"Wait for twenty-four hours," he said, "and you'll have Mrs. Winslow and Luby and Dupree all sending for you and trying to make a bargain to send the others to jail and save themselves."

It turned out exactly as the old lawyer had predicted, and in less than twenty-four hours the young lawyer had offers of confession from the three persons Scribner had named. He preferred to take the statement of Mrs. Winslow on account of her being a woman, and she established enough to send Morgan Drake and his fellow conspirators to jail for long terms. The prisoners who had been taken in one of the raids and held by the police was also implicated in the confession.

On account of the daughter, Lillian, who had written to Lew from another city, thanking him for opening her eyes to the life she was leading and affording her the opportunity of living honestly, the young lawyer allowed Mrs. French to escape her well-deserved share of the punishment.

When the various sentences had been passed upon Morgan Drake and his fellow conspirators, Lew went at once to the home of his employer and acquainted him with the results of the prosecution.

"That's great work," was the comment of the old lawyer, "and rids my best client of a band of bloodsuckers who have been taking thousands out of the company's treasury, and as the entire credit of the matter is due entirely to your courage and brains, I can see but one way in which to properly recognize it, and that is by proposing that from this time on, or so soon as the papers can be drawn up, you shall become the junior partner in the firm of Scribner & Rand. What do you say?"

"Do you mean it?" cried Lew, for old Scribner was reputed to have a business that was worth forty thousand dollars a year, and this proposition was stunning.

"Every word of it," said the old lawyer, extending his hand, which was warmly grasped by the young one, "and as this change will put you on a marrying basis whenever you wish to change from single blessedness, I'll give you permission at once to go to the home of that pretty girl you've been running around with for a year and tell her what the outlook is for the future."

And Lew Rand took his suggestion.

The End.

There will be a very interesting serial commenced on this page Next Week.

A FRENCH BLUEBEARD.

Landru, France's eccentric "Bluebeard," who is accused of having killed eleven of his mistresses, stands a fair chance of getting off with the Scotch verdict of "guilty, but not proved," as it is known that he intends to put the whole burden of proof on the police.

"Find one of my victims," Landru challenged the detectives last week during the final examination before the case is called for a new trial at Versailles. "There is nothing beyond a few circumstantial details, always unreliable, to support the charges against me. Surely the French police, known the world over for their brilliancy, might have worked harder to find the women who have disappeared, as with the records at disposal they could easily have traced their departure to some foreign country or even their return to France."

Landru's attitude is considered to be justified by the most able legal experts, who are pointing out that inasmuch as experts are unable to identify the parts of any specific body among the ashes in Landru's villa at Gambais, the crime legally does not exist, and therefore cannot be punished.

Landru insists that there is a secret behind his past which he will not reveal even if faced by the guillotine, and his care free attitude is reviving the suggestion that during the war Landru acted as an agent to send light minded women from France through Switzerland to Germany, where they were trained for espionage duties.

FROM ALL POINTS

ICE PLANT REFUSE KILLS FISH

One afternoon thousands of game fish and frogs came to the surface dead in the waters of French Creek within the borough limits of Phoenixville, Pa. Some of the bass weighed two pounds.

Constable George Campbell, who started an investigation, said the cause was ammonia residue from the local ice plant. The new management held it did not know the solution would kill fish and also that it had not been notified.

GETS POWER FROM THE AIR.

Hermann Plauson has actually been extracting electric current from the air and using it for power. The Scientific American says he uses a captive balloon having a metallic cover provided with a large number of pointed projections or spikes and allows it to ascend to a height of 1,000 or 1,600 feet above ground. Positive electricity is then collected from the air and transmitted to the ground through a wire rope fitted with sparking gap, which in turn produces an electric vibration in a circuit. M. Plauson obtained with one balloon at a height of 1,000 feet a supply of 17.28 kilowatt hours per diem, and with two balloons 91.6 kilowatt hours. He calculates that a battery of ten balloons should give an annual supply of 210,000 kilowatt hours.

HONEY-MAKING ANTS.

The honey-making ant may belong to any of several species that are found in Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Mexico. Like other ants, they live in colonies in subterranean nests, the entrance to which is in a small raised mound. The honey is obtained at night from small galls on oak leaves by foraging workers which become considerably distended with honey. With the honey they feed the other workers and the young in the hills, and what is left over is communicated to a number of ants which simply serve as living receptacles. These live honey bags cling to the roof of the nest chamber and move very little, and in time their abdomens become greatly distended. According to McCook, the naturalist, and the author of the "Honey Ants of the Garden of the Gods," these living storehouses merely retain the honey until it is needed by the colony for the winter, when it gives out the surcharged crops to feed the colony. Ants with similar habits, but of different genera, have been described in South Africa. In Mexico these ants are eaten by the natives.

A GIANT APPLE.

Fred L. Post, orchardist, Chelan, Wash., who in 1909 grew the world's largest apple, believes he will pick another record breaker this fall. He has a Rome Beauty tree with seventeen enormous apples just ripening. Recently the big apple was weighed as it hung from the limb of which it is the sole occupant. Though impossible accurately to record weight this way, it is estimated as weighing 36 ounces

Eleven apples are in the thirty ounce class and six are close seconds.

The largest apple ever grown weighed forty-one ounces. It was exhibited at Spokane in 1909. That year no prize was offered for size, but a bonus of \$100 was given Post for the privilege of photographing and exhibiting this wonderful fruit. This big apple was just the size and about the shape of a one-gallon bucket.

The tree is situated near the irrigation flume, and a tiny leak, unsuspected, dripped constantly into the root system. This in part and a new method of fertilizing are said to account for the excessive growth.

The seventeen apples will be exhibited over the Northwest as soon as ripe. They are receiving invitations from Eastern cities as well.

They are so valuable that Post insured them against burglary, frost and disease. To prevent falling each is hung in a hammock of gauze.

For advertising purposes the apples are priceless.

Good to eat? Not very. They possess neither flavor nor keeping quality.

"Mystery Magazine"

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The Outlaw's Retreat

By Horace Appleton

The glow of the campfire by the side of a little stream that came bubbling down the mountain shone full upon the handsome face of Mountain Tom as he stood in the attitude of intense listening.

"Dashed if I don't believe these diggings are haunted," he mused thoughtfully. "I am sure I heard something, so I think I had better put out my fire for fear of trouble. They say the Cheyennes are about."

"Yes," said a sweet, young voice, as he turned, "there are Indians in the vicinity, and Mountain Tom is in danger."

"Great Columbia!" burst from the lips of the astonished young hunter. "What does this mean? Who are you that knows me? An angel or a fairy?"

"Simply a friend," she answered; "but put out your light."

And, with a wave of the hand, she disappeared. Mountain Tom uttered a low, soft whistle.

The sound of footsteps cut short his meditations. A heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a fiendish voice hissed:

"At last, my gay cavalier!"

Then strong hands pinioned his, and he was hurled violently to the earth.

Mountain Tom knew his enemies—Jubal Krayfoot, a white renegade, and his Cheyenne followers.

Months before our hero had cause to knock Jubal down for insulting a lady in Denver, and since that time the renegade had dogged the young mountaineer's footsteps for revenge.

Mountain Tom was lashed to a log, and then both log and man carried to the little cascade, and placed in the stream under the falling water.

Then began a torture that human nature could not long endure; the water, ice-cold, falling upon his head, chilled him to the very marrow, and soon produced a pain more terrible than any that could have been devised by the Inquisition.

The clear twang of a horn came leaping down the mountain.

The fall of the cascade became hushed, the murmur of the water ceased, and the little stream was gone.

The villain and his followers listened. They heard the fall of water behind them, as though a stream had suddenly started into existence there. With this discovery they gathered courage.

They believed that some one up the valley had turned the water aside into another channel, and all hurried away to inquire into the mystery.

A moment later Mountain Tom felt a soft hand feeling over him, and then his bonds dropped from his aching limbs.

"Come now, Mountain Tom," said a soft voice. "Hurry, before they get you again."

Tom arose and followed his deliverer, who proved to be that same little fairy that had appeared unto him in camp.

She led the way to an opening in the very bed of the water-course.

"Enter," she said, and Tom obeyed, scarcely aware of what he was doing, for his brain was still throbbing.

He descended a flight of steps into a dark, dismal cavern.

The girl came after him, and then closed the entrance by a door that swung upward and closed with a snap.

The next instant Tom heard the rush of water over the door, and felt a few cold drops fall upon his hand.

He knew by this that the stream had, by some mysterious means, been turned back into its channel, and was now rushing over the door of the cavern.

"You are safe now from the Indians, Mountain Tom," the maiden said, when she had closed the door. "The water will hide our trail."

"But am I safe from—from other enemies?" the young mountaineer asked.

"Upon one condition!" exclaimed the gruff voice of a man, and a dark lantern was opened and flashed into his face, the light nearly blinding him.

"Great Scott! it is Roderic, the Outlaw of the Mines!" he exclaimed.

"The same," replied the man, whose name had long been a terror and his hiding place a mystery. "And now, sir, if you'll forfeit your life as the price of my betrayal, you can go hence; that is, if you'll agree that I may have your life if you tell what you know of me and my secure retreat, I'll set you at liberty. You know me well enough not to rifle with me. If it hadn't been for Zouida I would never have permitted you in here. But she is our only pet, and we like to favor her whims; though the foolish girl has seen you passing here often enough to fall in love with you, I'm a——"

"Father!" said the fair young girl, reprovingly.

"Do you promise me what I ask?" continued the outlaw.

"I promise you by all that is sacred," replied Tom. "I would be ungrateful if I did not do so, on account of your brave little daughter."

"Ha, ha! I'm afraid you're in love, too, Mountain Tom. But you shall go from here free; but remember you owe your life to Zouida."

In two hours the young mountaineer was conducted from the cavern by the same way he had entered.

Months went by.

Oftentimes Tom lingered up in the mountains in hopes of getting a glimpse of that fair little creature shut away from the joys and sunlight of the world, in that dismal cavern.

The name of Roderic became a terror in the mines, and there were few men that dared to cross his path, for he often turned up when least expected. But one night the desperado went down to Denver and was killed in a drunken brawl.

With a heavy heart the young mountaineer approached the entrance to the cavern, where a sight that sent a chill to his heart, and sickened his soul met his gaze. The door of the cavern was filled to overflowing, and in the doorway floated a corpse with long, flossy tresses, and a girlish face divinely beautiful even in death.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1921.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

FISH WHIPS BIG EAGLE.

A fight between a 5-pound catfish and a large bald eagle on the surface of a Florida lake was witnessed recently by J. D. Eastin, former Santa Fe agent at Emporia, Kan., who lives at Jacksonville. Eastin was passing the shore of a lake when they saw the bird trying to lift the fish from the water. The eagle lost its fight and the fish, badly injured, escaped from the bird's claws.

550 ANGLERS CATCH 12 POUNDS OF FISH.

Five hundred and forty-nine French anglers with the latest and best equipment, members of the Paris Fishing Club, ranged themselves along the Seine recently to compete in the annual fishing classic in which a cash prize is offered for the best haul. At a signal given at 11 o'clock, the fishing began. About noon the fishing became intense. Great crowds gathered along the quay to see the finish.

Their reward came at 1:30 p.m. when the judges called time and announced the winner, Monsieur Ducastel, who had hooked one poor lonesome fish weighing half a pound. The entire catch of all 549 anglers amounted to 12 pounds of fish, not counting numerous old shoes and kitchen utensils dating from the Roman occupation.

CAT PREVENTS RAILWAY CATASTROPHE.

A cat belonging to a switch tender on a railroad between Vintimille and Savone, just over the Italian border, prevented a catastrophe which might have cost scores of lives.

A southbound express train, going forty miles an hour, which is high speed for Italian trains, was stopped a few yards from a switch which had been left open, leading to a track on which a fast freight was to pass five minutes later.

The engineer noticing the semaphore showed the track clear investigated and found the switch tender's cat crushed between the switch points, preventing the proper functioning of the second signal. The switch tender himself, with Italian

volubility, insisted that the cat had foreseen the danger and sacrificed herself, an explanation which won 100 lire for the burial of the animal.

NEW YORK CITY BIGGER THAN
"GREATER LONDON."

New York has a valid claim against London for classification as the largest city in the world, according to the National Geographic Society. Discussing the recent announcement of the British census that "Greater London" has now a population of 7,476,168 persons, a society bulletin to-day questioned the right of London city proper to claim all that population, and suggested that New York's 5,620,048 souls, actually within one municipal unit, under one municipal government, may make it the largest.

"Legally, as a municipal unit, 'London' refers only to the area within the boundaries of the county of London," the bulletin asserted. "Only 'Greater London' figures are carried in the despatches, but at the rate of growth they indicate London proper still is under the 5,000,000 mark. The 'Greater London' which has nearly 7,500,000 people has an existence as a metropolitan and police unit. Its population is distributed over 693 square miles, an area six times that of municipal London, and more than twice that of municipal New York."

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921. State of New York, County of New York:—Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Luis Senarens, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager, are:

Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.; Editor—Luis Senarens, 166 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor—None; Business Manager—None.

2. That the owner is Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

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LUIS SENARENS, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1921.—Seymour W. Steiner. (My Commission expires March 30, 1922)

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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- 798 Tom Swift of Wall Street; or, The Boy Who Was on the Job.
- 799 Andy the Auctioneer; or, Bidding in a Fortune.
- 800 Doubling Their Dollars; or, Schoolmates in Wall Street.
- 801 Dick Darling's Money; or, The Rise of an O'ce Boy.
- 802 Beating the Market; or, A Boy Broker's Big Deal.
- 803 Lost in the Jungle; or, The Secret of the Hindoo Temple.
- 804 Bound to Get the Cash; or, Out for a Million in Wall Street.
- 805 A Lucky Errand Boy; or, Working His Way To Fortune.
- 806 Little Johnnie Brown; or, How a Smart Boy Made Money.
- 807 Finding a Fortune; or, The Mystery of the Old Bell Tower.
- 808 In the Stock Market; or, The Lucky Ventures of a Wall Street Messenger.
- 809 Three Copper Cents and How They Made a Waif's Fortune.
- 810 The Old Trader's Legacy and What His Office Boy Did with It.
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TO DIG UP RELICS OF BIBLICAL CITY

Relics of seven or more cities which successively stood on the same site and of nine different civilizations are expected to be uncovered by the excavation of the Biblical City Beth-shan, in Palestine, which is to be undertaken this month. The work will be done under the direction of Clarence S. Fisher, curator of the Egyptian section of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. Official permission to undertake this

swept over and destroyed it. It is within sight of the Mount of Transfiguration, the scene of the battles between David and Saul and the Witch of Endor, who recalled the shade of the prophet Samuel to enlighten Saul, had her home near this ancient city whose secrets now are sought.

It was on the route of all the builders of ancient empires. The Crusaders made Beth-shan a point of attack in their vain efforts to conquer Damascus.

has been received from the Government of Palestine.

Beth-shan is now known as Beisan. It is situated in the valley of Jezreel, just west of the Jordan and not far south of the Sea of Galilee.

More great battles are believed to have taken place within sight of this city than perhaps on any other spot known to history. The investigators hope to find there the keys to the whole history of that section of the world written either on marble slabs containing the laws, decrees, treaties and other information, or on bronze tablets or written in clay with cuneiform characters.

Beth-shan was a strategic point of value to any of the great military leaders of ancient times who aspired to try his hand at world domination. Beth-shan was one of the places they took, and it has been dominated in turn by the Greeks, Romans and Arabs. The investigators expect to find there the strata of perhaps more than seven cities each built upon the ruins of the other as successive waves of invasion

How I increased my salary more than 300%

by
Joseph Anderson



I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next

salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

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34x4 1/2	15.45	22.90	3.25
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Back to
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Laughs at
"URIC
ACID"**

**How the
"Inner
Mysteries"
Reveals Startling
Facts Overlooked
By Doctors and
Scientists For Centuries**



"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures', and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live!

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of this magazine wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 534 K Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

SERMON IN PRISON

Several thousand men, silent and attentive, listened to a strange sermon recently in San Quentin Prison. The theme was "A Man May Be Down, But He's Never Out."

The expounder of this gospel was Warden James Johnston, and not one word of the sermon was lost on men who each in himself struggled with this same problem of whether or not a man may be both down and out.

Warden Johnston took his text from the doctrine of the Salvation Army and it was this organization and its appeal for funds that inspired the meeting. The responsiveness of the prisoners was indicated in that they subscribed \$150 to the campaign at the close of the talk and this amount was immediately duplicated by the warden and attaches.

San Quentin Prison has the honor of being the only prison in the United States to have a working corps of Salvationists within the prison, all of the members of which are prisoners. This band of Salvationists renders services to its fellow prisoners in much the same manner as other Salvationists on the outside do to society at large.

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SEARCH-LIGHTS AS BAIT FOR FLYING FISH

This fish story comes from Avalon, on Catalina Island, twenty-five miles out in the Pacific from Los Angeles.

Catalina Island is noted for several things. It is a good place for goat hunting; it boasts the westernmost wireless in the United States, and it is the rendezvous for flying fish.

The Catalina Excursion Company has equipped one of its boats with a giant searchlight, and every night it scouts about Avalon Bay rousing thousands of flying fish out of their native haunts, much to the edification of the passengers. The flying fish craze has grown to such proportions that instead of one light the boat now boasts six, enabling it to arouse school after school of the creatures.

Where the voyagers formerly were content to recount in thousands the number of flying fish they had seen, it is no uncommon thing now to hear them talk about millions, meanwhile producing the remains of unfortunate specimens which hurled themselves at the boat's lights, only to fall on its decks.